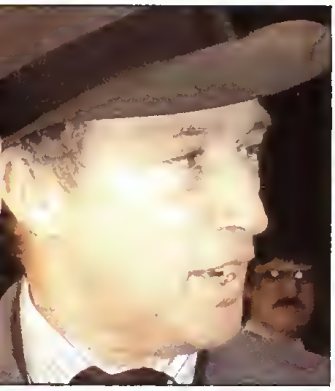
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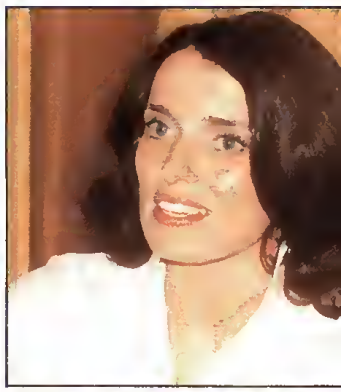
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Mounties lose their man

"It's foolishness to get rid of a man like that," says a resident of B.C.'s McBride, echoing the townsfolks' support of their local RCMP officer who was fired recently Page 9

Some are more equal

Once again, internal dissent prevented OPEC from adopting a unified oil pricing system although its members did hike up the average cost of crude Page 18







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COVER STORY

The year that was

As the dawn of the 1980s approaches it is apparent that 1979 presented little to be optimistic about. Unlike the closing of the tumultuous 60s — which at least witnessed the inspirational moon walk — 1979 yielded few events of long-term significance to humanity. Much attention was focused on the political arena where Pierre Trudeau relinquished his reign, Joe Clark proved to be short-termed, and America was taken on by Iran Page 28



One up on Machiavelli

Chameleon-like in a manoeuvre that would turn Machiavelli green, Pierre Trudeau prepared his last-minute comeback Page 13

A simple love story

A good-looking actress and actor and magnificent Utah create a perfect Marlboro Couple in an imperfect *Electric Horseman* Page 46

P. TRUDEAU — PETER GREGG **FONDA** NORCIA/SYGMA **CLARK**-ANGUS OF CALGARY **M. TRUDEAU** CP **BLACK** HORST EHRICHT **DIEFENBAKER** CHARTRAND CP **FIELD** NO CREDIT **RHOMAIRI** LEDRU/SYGMA AD **THATCHER**-DAVID STREET **POST**-TERRY HANCEY **TENG** CP **ATWOOD**-RICHARD PIERRE **CARTER** CP **BREZHNEV** CP

CONTENTS

Editorial 2
Backstage: Ireland 3
Podium 4
Follow-up 6
Grenada dancing to a different tune
Profile 7
Lady Antonia Fraser's blue bloods
This Canada 9
The Mounties lose their man
Canada 13
Campaign rumblings, land scramble in Manitoba, Bill 101's poetic licence, lobsters on a jet plane, Newfoundland and tenders
World 18
OPEC rolls out the barrels, new Soviet oil reserves, Israel goes solar, Iranian trials, Aussie Bob Hawke eyes premiership
U.S.A. 21
Women's battle for downtrodden rights, FBI stakeout of U.S. radicals in Canada
Business 23
Publishing industry on brink of peril, MF crows about major turn-around, more pipeline problems, frothing beer sales
Cover Story 28
A retrospective look at 1979, the famous and infamous, sporting new dreams, entertainment notables
Ideas 44
Parkinson's law, rationalizing the irrational
Health 45
Medical profiles, computer horoscopes
Films 46
Fonda, Redford and all that denim in *The Electric Horseman* back to the 50s with Disney's *The Black Hole*, *All That Jazz*
Allen Fotheringham/Column 48

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Ill winds or no, it's still a fine time to be Canadian



By Peter C Newman

During 1979, Canada seemed to suffer not merely a change in mood but a shift in climate The sense of instant replay prompted by the forthcoming election is deceptive Ever since the born-again Liberals who populate the parliamentary caucus voted to canonize Pierre Elliott Trudeau, this campaign became a futile and expensive exercise in lip-flapping déjà vu

But one vital new element has been added the oscillation of political expectation and disappointment has accelerated beyond credibility No matter how often the party leaders may lunge at us out of TV screens (trying their best to look as sincere as those hosts of the daytime game shows), no matter how hard they pretend their policy declarations are based on something harder than the latest public opinion poll, and, especially, no matter what they promise—no one believes them anymore It has become obvious that Canada's future lies not so much among Joe Clark and Pierre Trudeau and Ed Broadbent as beyond them

The current campaign aside, 1979 witnessed some important transformations For one thing, the notion that we're a dull backwater of a country—which for so long served as the staple myth of our existence— was buried forever Instead, at the start of a new decade most of us feel vibrantly alive, veins humming with adrenalin, curious about what happens next, how best we can withstand the assaults of history

Despite the certain imposition of oil rationing during the 1980s, we still possess the world's cheapest gasoline and enjoy at least the potential of achieving energy self-sufficiency within a decade At the same time, during the past year some of the poison has drained out of Quebec separatism It now looks as though René Lévesque may end up more of an aberration than a prophet

The ecological activists who once operated on the fringes of society achieved important if belated victories in 1979, as more and more Canadians realize how essential the preservation of a hospitable environment really is Feminism may not have reversed past injustices, but at least sexually based discrimination is becoming more of an exception than a rule

Despite our many problems, looking around the globe should have helped us realize it's a fine time to be Canadian It has never been quite so obvious as during the past 12 months just how much we want to preserve what we already have in this country Lucky us

Maclean's DECEMBER 31, 1979

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What is the 'Big Man' up to?

By Brendan Keenan

After 10 years of violence, nearly 2,000 dead and the collapse of two systems of government, optimism is not a commodity easily found on the battered streets of Ulster So the surprising thing about a new all-party conference to be held early in the new year is not that anyone is predicting success but that so few are willing to write it off completely It's four weary years since the last attempt to find political agreement between the two fundamental groups in Ulster the majority—mainly Protestant—loyalists who cling to their British citizenship and to the principle of majority rule, and the minority—mainly Catholic—who want to see an independent, united Ireland and in the meantime a form of government that will at least recognize that their hearts are Irish rather than British

A convention in 1975 resulted in both sides stating their positions and refusing to compromise. That conference followed the collapse of a government in which both sides held cabinet seats, but which was brought down by a strike of angry Protestant workers Even that brief power-sharing arrangement was reached only after painstaking negotiation by British ministers Since then the British have been at a loss to know what to do with their troublesome Irish province Meanwhile, security efforts to smash the IRA guerrillas—who believe the only way to unite Ireland is by force—have failed to produce any results.

However, pressures for some political initiative—urged by the Irish government and by prominent Irish-Americans including House Speaker Tip O'Neill—have grown. When the initiative finally came last month, it bore all the signs of a half-hearted attempt, and the British themselves almost killed it at birth with a mixture of clumsy diplomacy and sloppy drafting The major Catholic party, the Social Democratic and Labor Party (SDLP), thought the terms of reference would prevent them discussing their cherished "Irish dimension" scheme of involving the Irish government in an Ulster settlement, but stopping short of actual unity The row cost the longtime SDLP leader, Gerry Fitt, his job Fitt resigned when his party at first refused to attend the conference. But his successor, a quiet but subtle strategist called John Hume, worked out a compromise with the British, and now his party is set to talk

The fact that things have got even this far—with Jan 7 set as a starting date—is due to the surprise reaction of the toughest of the Protestant leaders, Rev. Ian Paisley Paisley's thundering biblical denunciations have spelled the end of a whole series of "Loyalist" (as in loyal to the United Kingdom) leaders, who compromised too much for the "Big Man," as Paisley is half-affectionately known But this time Paisley agreed to go to the conference, and so far has done his best to make sure it takes place The question everyone in Ulster is asking is: what's the Big Man up to this time? One thing he may be up to is teaching his rivals on the Protestant side a lesson in political footwork The other major Loyalist party, the Official Unionists, announced almost at once that it would not attend the conference, calling it time-wasting Since the Official Unionists are regarded as more moderate than Paisley's Democratic Unionists, they were surprised and worried when Paisley showed such enthusiasm



Paisley: a surprise reaction from the toughest leader

There is no doubt that Paisley's ambition is to be the undisputed spokesman for Ulster's one million Protestants, and he is closer to that ambition than ever before In the recent elections to the European Parliament, Paisley got more votes than all the other Loyalist candidates combined He may intend to use the conference to stress his advantage over the Official Unionists But it's possible that his plans go even further—to lead a government of Northern Ireland To do that he needs a deal with the Catholics in the SDLP

The difficulties in the path of such a deal can make even issues like Rhodesia seem simple Paisley is not just a politician, but the leader of a religious sect which preaches the evil of Roman Catholicism. He has got where he is by being more extreme than any other Loyalist leader So, even if he now wants to move toward the Catholics, will his followers go with him? An even more troubling prospect is that the IRA can be counted on to make things difficult Last week the guerrillas demonstrated again their striking power by killing five regular British soldiers, a part-timer and a prison guard in one day The other major difficulties facing the conference remain what they have always been in Ulster: how to involve the Protestants in government when an election is bound to produce a majority of Catholics, and how to create the "Irish dimension" without inflaming Protestant fears of a take-over by the Irish republic If there are grounds for hope, it is because there is a new breath of realism in the air politicians are not talking of coming out of the conference with a blueprint for a solution to a centuries-old problem Instead they are hoping for progress toward consensus

Other observers see hope in the fact that all the relevant political leaders are in a stronger position than most of their predecessors of the last decade Paisley is at last in from the cold and Hume has the confidence of his rank-and-file in a way that Fitt did not In the capitals, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher commands an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons and in Dublin the new prime minister, Charles Haughey, is likely to prove a tougher leader than the man he unseated But the politicos must display the same determination and the same patience as the IRA Reports this week say the guerrillas are planning for a second 10 years of struggle Only the same single-mindedness can ensure the victory of the ballot box over the bullet and bomb

Brendan Keenan is *Maclean's* correspondent in Dublin.

MILSERV

A pay-and-share plan for oil

By Earle Gray

There will be some *national* sharing of Canada's *national* petroleum wealth, or there will be no Canadian nation. Without some means to share the rewards of selling low-cost oil and gas at high prices, non-Albertans are each going to wind up paying *more than $300 per year* in unearned tribute to the government of Alberta. That's an annual payment of more than $1,000 by every non-Alberta family. The massive transfer of wealth could give Premier Peter Lougheed's government ownership of half the industry in Canada.

Forget the election campaign. No matter which party wins, we will either pay close to the world price for Canadian oil, or we will import more world oil—because there is no other choice. There isn't enough conventionally produced, low-cost oil and gas to meet all our needs, so we have to pay higher prices to stop wasting what we've got and to develop far more expensive supplies, like the Athabasca oil sands. But there is enough low-cost oil which, sold at the high prices, will yield massive economic rents. The real debate is going to be about how to share that economic rent. How it is resolved will determine if Canada endures.



'The money should be spent to lower the crushing taxes of all'

We have, as Lougheed says, been paying a lot less for Alberta oil than it is worth. Canadians should pay what it's worth. We should also all share in the revenues. Through royalties and lease payments, the government of Alberta collects 40 cents out of every dollar paid for Alberta crude oil and natural gas. If Alberta sold its present rate of oil and gas production at the equivalent of $20 per barrel—or 20 per cent less than the present world oil price—Alberta would collect in excess of $7 billion per year, some $3,500 each year for each Albertan.

But Alberta has just about exhausted its supplies of conventionally produced, low-cost oil and gas. Right? Well, Alberta's own Energy Resources Conservation Board estimates Alberta's present and future reserves of conventional oil and gas at a volume that would be worth nearly three-quarters of $1 trillion if sold at the present world price for oil. If Alberta charges 80 per cent of today's world oil price and continues to collect 40 cents out of every dollar, its conventional oil and gas supplies will eventually provide the Alberta government with more than $200 billion. In rounded figures, that would be a charge of $10,000 against each non-Albertan, and a receipt of $100,000 for every Albertan.

Albertans pay the lowest taxes in Canada, the lowest energy prices, and have the largest pool of investment capital, the Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund. That fund is likely to top $50 billion by the end of the '80s, which is more than the Canadian assets of all the foreign-owned companies that operate here. This means that more than the combined Canadian assets of General Motors, Ford, Exxon, Gulf, Shell, Texaco, Chrysler, IBM and dozens of others would be owned and controlled by one provincial government.

But Alberta is really a small part of the problem. The fact is that most of the reserves of conventional oil and gas that remain to be developed in Canada lie outside of Alberta—in the Arctic, and off-shore from the Atlantic provinces. In a "community of communities," each community with oil could prosper, and too bad for the rest. Five provinces now have, or are expected to have, significant petroleum resources. The other five contain more than 70 per cent of the Canadian population.

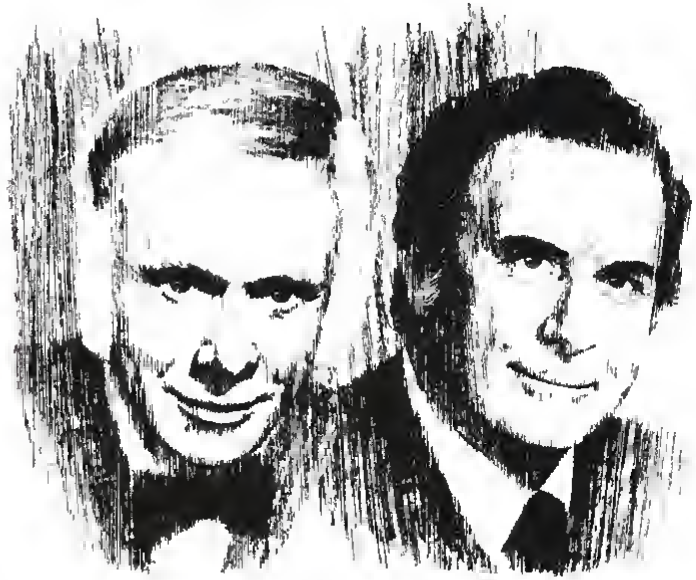
If Alberta oil belongs to Alberta, and Newfoundland oil belongs to Newfoundland, what happens to the "federal" oil and gas in the Arctic which we had thought belonged to all Canadians? How could we deny them what we don't deny others blessed with oil under their feet? But on a per capita basis, the discovered and potential oil and gas resources of the Northwest Territories are at least 100 times as great as those in Alberta, and might be several hundred times as great.

Lougheed suffers a distorted historical perspective when he argues that any tampering with Alberta's right to own, control and profit from Alberta oil would sabotage the concept of Confederation. Canada's founding fathers gave the original four provinces ownership of their mineral rights in the 1867 BNA Act because they thought this would give them "adequate revenue for performing their limited functions," according to Alberta constitutional authority Gerard V. La Forest, writing in *Natural Resources and Public Property Under the Canadian Constitution*. When Canada purchased what is now most of Western Canada from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1870, it was "clearly envisaged that the resources of the area would pass to Canada to be administered for the benefit of the whole country," La Forest wrote. The 1905 acts creating Alberta and Saskatchewan reaffirmed this, stating that the mineral rights were to be "administered by the Government of Canada for the purposes of the Dominion." Not until 1930 did the three Prairie provinces acquire ownership of the mineral rights, and the oil and gas, from Ottawa.

Canada is the only large oil-producing nation where the rewards of public ownership of petroleum are not widely shared on a national basis. If public revenues from all of Canada's oil and gas—in Alberta, the Arctic, the Atlantic—were shared nationally, it would take the sting out of world oil prices, and provide a massive transfusion of economic and political well-being. Not even René Lévesque would be able to pull Quebec out of Confederation and forgo such benefits. If we haven't got the spirit to do this, then we haven't got the spirit to hold Canada together.

Former editor of *Oilweek Magazine*, Earle Gray is the author of three books dealing with the Canadian petroleum industry, including the recently published *Super Pipe*.

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An eye for Cuban arms



When bearded Maurice Bishop staged a dawn coup and took over the island of Grenada (population, 100,000) last March 13, there was barely a voice raised against him. Indeed, the overthrow of Sir Eric Gairy, the elected but dictatorial and half-crazed prime minister, was generally regarded throughout the Caribbean as a blow for human rights. The tone of the new regime seemed to be set when Bishop, on his first day in power with a junta government, declared that his people didn't like martial music. Instead, he broadcast his promises of democracy, elections, free speech and a free press, better educational opportunities, more jobs and a higher standard of living for all, to a background of jaunty reggae tunes that had many of the apolitical populace dancing in the streets. Nine months later they are still playing reggae, but there's less dancing to date, Bishop has kept none of his promises.

The island's only independent newspaper, *The Torchlight*, has been closed down and the editor temporarily put in jail without charges or benefit of trial. At the time of his coup Bishop arrested a large band of Gairy supporters. Fifty of them are still in jail, but they have been neither charged nor tried. Early this fall Bishop claimed he had uncovered a plot against his life and his government and 40 more political opponents were rounded up. Again, there have been no charges or trials. Elections have been postponed and diplomatic sources in the U.S. predict that Bishop will never call them. The island's economy remains in a slump, educational opportunities have lessened and the only new jobs are in Grenada's expanding Cuban-equipped army.

Gairy, who was attending a meeting of the United Nations in New York at the time of the coup, remains in exile in the U.S. Every month or two he issues statements that he intends to return to Grenada with an army and "release my poor oppressed people" from communism. But he has no political support and no cash to pay mercenaries.

Canada, meanwhile, is continuing assistance programs to Grenada costing taxpayers about $7.4 million. Said a department of external affairs spokesman: "Relations with Bishop are good. He has assured us that Canadian interests will be respected."

The U.S. has its own special point of view. Larry Birns of the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs says: "Now Grenada has accepted Cuban friendship the U.S. sees it as a Cuban puppet. Instead of aggressively trying to forge good relations, the U.S. is following a policy of isolating Grenada. Thus, it almost guarantees the self-fulfilling prophecy that if Grenada only has Cuba to turn to, it will turn."

Bishop (left): a plot against his life?

In a recent interview with *Maclean's* Gairy reiterated his stand. "I am not saying how or when, but soon I will return to my island and all will be well." However, with Bishop apparently still in firm control, that seems an empty boast.

William Lowther

The bizarre case of the B.C. bomber

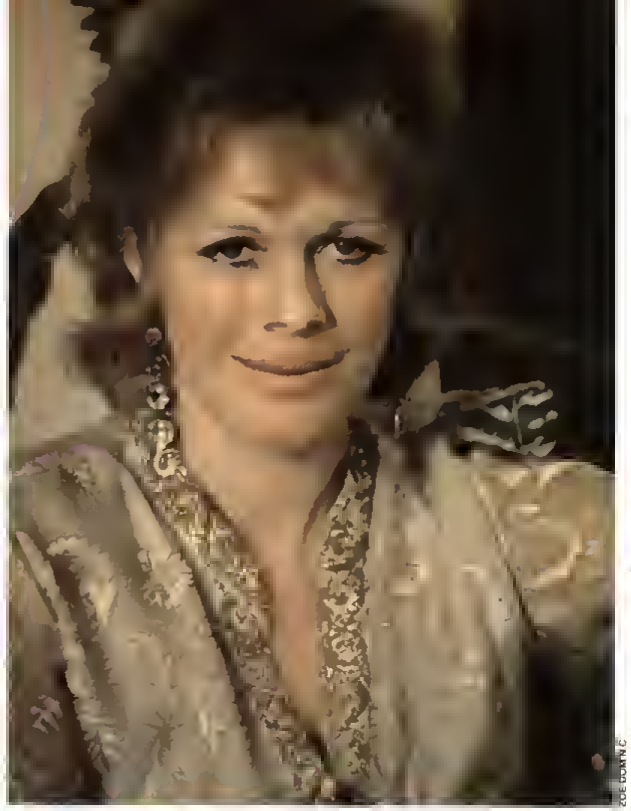
During the spate of 22 fire bombings in Vancouver earlier this year against banks and government offices (*Maclean's*, March 12, 1979), officials thought the city's anarchists had escalated their political weaponry from pies to Molotov cocktails. But this month a man with no apparent political motivations, 47-year-old Hungarian refugee Gyula Bela Demjan, was convicted on 10 counts of attempted arson. Demjan's reasons for the bombings remain a mystery. Indeed, he took to the witness stand in his own defence, consistently denying setting fire to any buildings (in the face of overwhelming evidence) and asserting that he was the victim of a conspiracy by some mysterious person or persons who had been persecuting him since 1974.

In the climax to the 2½-week trial, Demjan related a Kafkaesque tale of being spied on, followed and harassed by unknown but "malicious and mean people" who treated him like "a machine." Two psychiatrists had previously found Demjan fit to stand trial.

The prosecution presented strong evidence. Demjan had been observed throwing a Molotov cocktail through the window of Vancouver's downtown Unemployment Insurance Commission offices, and police found his fingerprint on an unexploded fire bomb at the scene of another attempted bombing. The clinching evidence, though, was the matching of the unburnt wicks found in various premises to a piece of a nurse's cape found in Demjan's apartment.

Sentencing has been delayed until Feb. 6 so that psychiatrists may formulate other opinions in the light of his eccentric statements. His motives, if he had any, remain as mysterious as his delusions.

Mark Budgen



ZOE DUNN/C

Fraser: call her Lady Magnesia Freelove

The romantic spirit of Lady Antonia

By Rita Christopher

Lady Antonia Fraser's publishers have just paid the award-winning British biographer a great compliment—the cover of her newly released biography of Charles II, *Royal Charles*, doesn't bear her picture. And although that might seem an odd cause for rejoicing, Lady Antonia considers it something of a triumph. "I'm really quite pleased," she smiles. The absence of a photograph certainly breaks precedent. On her best-selling biographies of Oliver Cromwell and Mary, Queen of Scots, Lady Antonia's face was featured almost as prominently as the titles of the volumes. And no wonder. With her wide blue eyes, blonde hair and classic English peaches-and-cream complexion and a beguiling smile, Fraser's looks are usually reviewed before her books. "I was just on a television talk show, and the host asked if I minded being described as blonde and beautiful even at my age," recalls the 47-year-old Fraser with a laugh. "Who would mind that? It's much better to be described that way than to be described as a formerly sensuous beauty."

Fraser's books, to be sure, have also received abundant critical acclaim. When *Mary Queen of Scots* was published 11 years ago, it not only made a score of best-seller lists, but also held the distinction of knocking Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* out of the No. 1 position on several of them. *Royal Charles* has been a British best seller since its publication in the United Kingdom several months ago, but Fraser remains circumspect about its prospects on this side of the Atlantic. "After all, he was our king, you know," she explains.

Fraser claims she was drawn to Charles, who privately practised Roman Catholicism while professing formal membership in the Church of England, by her own religious background. Her father converted to Catholicism when she was 8, her mother when she was 13. "I don't think my parents would have insisted that I become a Roman Catholic if I hadn't wanted to," she says, "but it certainly seemed the right thing to do under the circumstances."

Religion aside, the most obvious influence of Lady Antonia's family was literary. In Britain they are collectively known as "the literary Longfords." Fraser's father, Lord Longford, wrote the first biography of John F. Kennedy published in the United Kingdom. (Longford, however, is better known to the public for his exhaustive inquiries into pornography which earned him the nickname, "Lord Porn.") Lady Antonia's mother, Elizabeth Longford, has written notably successful biographies of Queen Victoria and Lord Wellington and has herself just published a new book, *Pilgrimage of Passion. The Life of Wilfred Scawen Blunt*. Sister Rachel Billington's latest novel, *A Woman's Age*, will appear this spring. Another sister, Joan Kazantzis, is a poet. And brother Thomas Pakenham has just received excellent reviews for his new history, *The Boer War*. (Pakenham was the family surname before Lord Longford was elevated to the peerage.)

Although her family credentials were indeed impressive, Lady Antonia claims that genes were not the deciding factor in her resolve to become an author. "I don't say it very often, but I began to write to help support our family. There's no better inspiration than that." Certainly not in Fraser's case since she is the mother of six children. And she has reinvested some of her earnings in encouraging her children to continue the Longford tradition. Lady Antonia has paid anywhere from a penny to a pound a page for well-kept diaries and journals. "When I told my oldest son I'd pay a pound a page for a record of his trip to France, you should have seen the size of the notebook he produced," she laughs.

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Fraser habitually writes in the morning and spends the afternoons with her children (once causing a scandal in London by revealing to an interviewer she held family conferences while in the bath). At night, she still finds time to be one of the most talked-about women in London society. The satiric British magazine *Private Eye* has created a character strongly resembling the eye-catching author called Lady Magnesia Freelove. Despite her marriage to Conservative member of Parliament Sir Hugh Fraser, at the age of 23, Fraser's name over the years has been linked with an amazingly eclectic group of admirers including author Norman Mailer, former King Constantine of Greece, Jacob Rothschild and Tory politician Lord Lambton, who quit Parliament after being photographed in bed with a call girl. "I'm very sad when people tell me they've never been in love," says Fraser, "and when friends ring me to tell me they're in love, I'm always very happy for them."

Fraser set phones ringing herself five years ago when she left her husband for noted British playwright Harold Pinter, with whom she now shares her London townhouse. When the rumors of their affair first became public, Pinter's wife, actress Vivien Merchant, complained to the press that Fraser had "cast a spell" on her husband. "How she can do it with six children to look after, I don't know," groused the humiliated actress. Merchant took some comfort in the broadsides she aimed at Lady Antonia. Noting Pinter had left home without so much as packing a suitcase, she observed, "All his clothes are here, but he won't be needing a change of shoes. He can always wear Antonia's. She has awfully big feet, you know."

Fraser's husband obtained a divorce several years ago and has recently been squiring Jackie Kennedy Onassis around New York, but after publicly venting her spleen, Merchant never prosecuted her divorce suit. Today, an uncharacteristically circumspect Lady Antonia declines to talk about whether she and Pinter will eventually marry. "My relationship with Harold is completely private," she says.

Even so, much of her private life is visible in her New York hotel suite. Small framed pictures of her children decorate most of the available table tops. "I just scoop up whatever handfuls of photos are about when I'm packing," Fraser says. She has also brought another touch of home: a cat-shaped cosy appropriately named "Rowley," a nickname of Charles II. "I can't bear lukewarm coffee," she says, running to plop the cosy over a coffeepot. That's perfectly understandable. Lukewarm is hardly the kind of adjective anyone would ever apply to Lady Antonia Fraser ✪

The Mounties lose their man

By Thomas Hopkins

The muddy, four-vehicle caravan crunches through the unpaved streets of McBride in eastern B.C. It is coming from the white-sided RCMP barracks just off Main Street. Former RCMP corporal Al Thiel and his family are clearing out the last of their belongings before moving into a log farmhouse on the edge of town. The process is overseen by the silent presence of an RCMP staff sergeant from Prince George, 120 miles to the west. He waits in the detachment office next door until the house is as bare and forlorn as the golden willow in the yard. Thiel and his family are leaving because he refused to be transferred out of McBride. He was fired Oct. 26.

For some people in McBride the three pickups and a "Jimmy" represent a cortege for a heroic red-coated Mountie, for others it's the inevitable result of bucking an unblinking system. The procession files by the pseudo-Tudor McBride Hotel and past CN rail yards which provided the town with a reason to live at the turn of the century. A farmer exhales a plume of condensed breath and tips an arm in greeting.

Later, Allen Wiltsie, 30 years in McBride, leans across the counter of Hart Building Supplies and grumbles, "It's foolishness to get rid of a man like that." And in the spartan offices of *The Robson Valley Courier*, Pete (Horse Thief) Siebel brushes back his ponytail, hitches down his "Zed Ply" baseball hat and says, "Al Thiel was our first-ever town cop."

Behind him, the tall mill-worker and sometime *Courier* reporter, Donn Reed, 41, is busily mounting a poster in the newspaper window. It's a pastiche of button slogans: "Support Al Thiel, too honest to be a Mountie ..." and newspaper clippings from southern papers sporting headlines such as: MOUNTIE FIRING ANGERS VILLAGE, and MOVE OR GET OUT SAY TOP MOUNTIES.

The little town of McBride (population, 800), tucked under the western wall of the Rockies, likes its cop. When Thiel, a 14-year veteran and head of the town's three-man detachment for two years, got sacked, they got mad. Spearheaded by Reed, the town sped into action—a petition accumulated 260 names, town council wrote to the regional superintendent asking for a reprieve and buttons were sold on Main Street, reading: DEFEND DEMOCRACY. Along with the campaign came CBC news cameras, phone calls from Vancouver newspapers and radio interviews. In these cynical times, cop-loving, it seemed, was news. Along with embarrassment for the RCMP came head-scratching for the sleepy little town. Twelve-year resident and owner of the Main Street Esso station, Harley Bratton, looked up from a patched tire. "It just baffles me how the whole thing got so big."

Three miles down the Yellowhead Highway from McBride is Donn Reed's frame house. He lives there on an acre plot with his wife, Jean, and their four kids—kids he will tell you he delivered himself, as proud as if they were rosy-cheeked orchids. The cluttered house is stocked with the books the Reeds use to teach the two youngest rather than send them to school. It's an eccentricity that goes barely noticed in the oddly polyglot community that boasts a Mennonite school, a Seventh Day Adventist school, two public schools and a shaggy floating population of home-teaching back-to-the-landers. Reed acts as Thiel's chief defender and is resented by some townspeople because of his emotional reports in the local paper ("The *Courier* should be a newspaper, not a gossip sheet," says McBride mayor and grocery-store owner Ken Jones.)

Reed says: "We think Al was railroaded. There were personality clashes with some of his constables because he worked long hours. Seems Mounties like a man who closes his door at night." Reed paints a portrait of Super Cop who cleaned up chronic vandalism and window-breaking on Main Street by befriending the young troublemakers. Often Thiel's methods were unorthodox. After one bout of vandalism, he tracked down the young offender and forced him to apologize personally to all the vandalized citizens. Not finished there, he found the woman at whose party the youth had gotten drunk and had *her* apologize to the victims.

Says Dan Hansler, owner of McBride Air Cooled Engines and the supplier of all the local motorcycles and snowmobiles: "He managed to get the respect of all the kids and I should know, most of them are my customers."

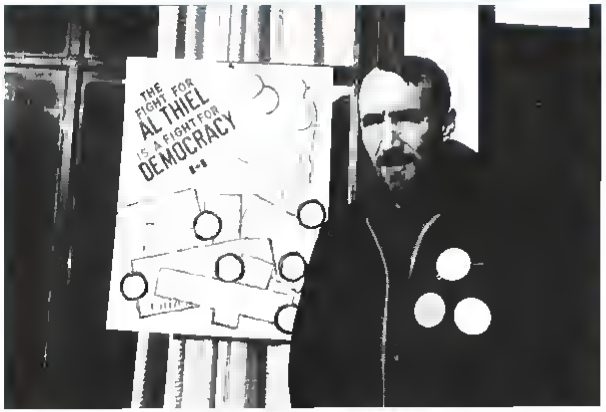
David Bond, principal of McBride's Centennial Elementary School, says, "He

Thiel: an embarrassment for the force



PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS HOPKINS





McBride and the 'Save the Thiel' campaign In cynical times, cop-loving was news

was never a nine-to-five policeman He was always there, even in the middle of the night All you had to do was call him In the school he was the first RCMP officer to get to the kids He organized bicycle rodeos and talked about Mountie history Kids would run to the RCMP barracks across the street if they thought they needed help He took the view that if he could prevent the crime it was better than solving it"

Unorthodoxy is rare in rural police work There is something of the travelling ministry in being a small-town cop—normality is the kingpin for survival Thiel had been in nine postings in his 14 years In each case he had to keep a professional distance from the community, live with loneliness and long hours But for Thiel, sitting in denims and cowboy boots on his 160-acre farm the day after the move, that's the way it should be "A police officer is a professional, like a doctor or lawyer, 24 hours a day" Thiel was born in Zurich, in Southwestern Ontario, of German stock His father was a local cop and a policeman was all Thiel wanted to be When he was told last March that he would be transferred south to Williams Lake in the Cariboo, he asked for a year's extension because his two girls, Tanya, 9, and Tovi, 7, were in school It was refused in a manner that caused him to suspect that the transfer was a punishment move He appealed in writing and when that was dismissed without any reason being given, he refused to go He was discharged despite the throaty protest of McBride

But the firing was only the beginning Just as in the defection of a priest from the church, the force was unforgiving, says Reed: "They nickel-and-dimed him to death" Senior officers flown in from Prince George confiscated his uniforms and padlocked the common doorway between the family's barracks home and the detachment office Instead of allowing him to photocopy a Telex relating to his appeal they forced him to copy it out longhand, and senior officers insisted he count out a $200 petty cash allotment before witnesses to ensure it was all there A cop with no small dose of pride, he requested that a $329 "defence fund" raised by people in McBride be given to the town's young people For a man whose career seems mortally wounded, Thiel's control slipped only once in his freshly painted living room "It's almost," he admits, eyes darting toward the ceiling, "destroyed any faith I had in the force"

Thiel currently has high-powered Vancouver lawyer Thomas Braidwood petitioning the federal court of appeal to overturn the October discharge order so that he can renew his appeal against the transfer under new, more open procedures introduced in September The procedures would allow him to appear in person before an RCMP tribunal and be represented by RCMP lawyers The federal court hearing is expected next month Fred Hardy, a Vancouver-based RCMP staff relations officer, cautions that there has been only one successful appeal of a discharge order in the past 30 years, and that the officer involved resigned shortly after winning his case For its part, the RCMP insists Thiel's transfer was routine and was not intended as punishment

In the early evening, the mountains bracketing McBride are held in sharp relief by the low winter sun The hydrants have been painted like small tin soldiers in red, blue and yellow The wood facades and flat Klondike roofs of the town's buildings glow warmly in the dying light In the pub, hands wrap around Old Style beer bottles on tables covered with red terry cloth "I hear the Mounties got a new joke," says one logger "They say Greenpeace is coming to town to start a 'Save the Thiel' campaign" The table clucks over that and recalls the school programs Thiel started, like the bicycle rodeo

High-school counsellor Dan Unrau drives a Mercedes Benz, not a pickup, which is a good indication of the distance he has gone from most of the people of McBride But he is also a Thiel supporter, seeing the positive effects of the Thiel method on some of his problem kids

"The RCMP brass have taken a beating lately," he says, attempting to sum up the significance of McBride's small rebellion "If Al Thiel can be fired by them, the reputation of the entire operation is at stake in this town That's what the force should be afraid of, that's what it can't afford to lose."

The Shopper's Gallery



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A big dose of idealism

Bravo for your article on Joan Baez, *Baez Gives Voice to Cambodia's Horrors* (Nov. 26). Though she can, at times, be slightly harebrained in her methods, she is first and foremost a great humanitarian. It takes a great deal of courage to stand up for what you believe in, and to fight for the oppressed, and yes, there's nothing wrong with a good big dose of idealism in a too often selfish and uncaring world.

WENDY HOLLO AYLMER, ONT.



Baez: she can be slightly harebrained

Gallant knight

I was delighted to see such a long and detailed article on Mavis Gallant in your magazine (*Exile in Her Own Write*, Nov. 19). However, I feel that you implied that Gallant had hitherto been completely ignored by the Canadian media. I would like to point out that Gallant had a whole issue of *Canadian Fiction Magazine* dedicated to her. This was done mainly through the efforts of the *CFM* editor, Geoff Hancock, who made a special trip to Paris to interview her.

PNINA GRANIRER, VANCOUVER

Let slip the fogs of war

I read Peter C. Newman's editorial *Three Remedies for a Liberal Party That Can Never Again Win With Pierre Trudeau* (Nov. 26), in which he calls the NDP "fogbound" and "union-dominated." It seems to me that he is the one who is fogbound. I think if anyone were to attend the House of Commons they would find that our caucus, while only 27 strong, is nevertheless full of new and energetic people who have experience in a wide variety of areas. We have few unionists in our caucus although we are prepared to stand up for the rights of the working people. In my opinion we, the NDP, have become the real opposition in Ottawa. Mr. Newman may, on philosophical and political grounds, disagree with our policies but I don't think it is very enlightening or informative to be content to just call us names.

IAN WADDELL, MP
VANCOUVER KINGSWAY

A sign of omission

In your article *Wakeful Nights, Canadian-Style* (Oct. 29) you reviewed our publication *Good Night Little Spy*. You neglected, however, to mention Virgo Press as publisher, while mentioning several other publishing houses with their respective titles.

THAD MCILROY, VIRGO PRESS, TORONTO

Malignant or benign?

I find it interesting that many of the same people who have in the past criticized U.S. interference in other nations are now, like Peter C. Newman (*Will the Ayatollah's Fanaticism Tilt the Balance of World Power?*, Dec. 10), snidely clucking about American "weakness" when the U.S. shows reluctance to forcibly impose its will on others. American foreign policy has, under Jimmy Carter, become more benign, tolerant and humane. This is a direct reflection of cultural changes in America, particularly the decline of the aggressive macho ideal. It is human nature, unfortunately, that this gentler American attitude is interpreted as weakness by those with a less benign outlook.

ALLAN KAMIN, TORONTO

Storm in a teacup

In her recent column *The Salvation of Canadian Society May Be in Taking Our Clothes Off in Public* (Nov. 5), Barbara Amiel suggests that the popular medication Neo Citran belongs in a class of products such as sugar, butter or woolly underwear. I should like to stress the folly of that belief. Three of the drugs present in Neo Citran, acetaminophen, phenylephrine hydrochloride and phenramine maleate, could adversely affect anyone suffering from heart, liver or thyroid diseases, as well as diabetes. In Ontario, the law under which Neo Citran falls covers a wide range of pharmaceuticals which, although not requiring a prescription for purchase, should nevertheless be used with caution. Certainly a "nuisance law" it is not. I would suggest Amiel actually listen to her pharmacist's "vague little noises" about "excessive use" and "allergic reactions."

KATHRYN JOHN, REGION OF WATERLOO PHARMACISTS' ASSOCIATION, KITCHENER, ONT.

I am a devotee of both Peter C. Newman's and Allan Fotheringham's columns, but Barbara Amiel's impress me as being uniformly third-rate. It amazes me that *Maclean's* publishes these trite, self-centred encounters with the Canadian culture.

JEANNETTE MCGLONE, LONDON, ONT.

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One up on Machiavelli

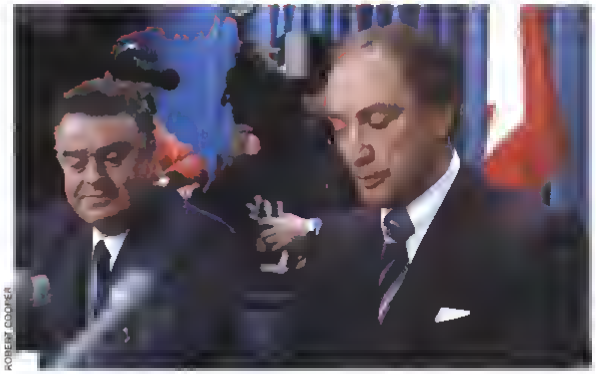
By David Thomas

As early winter frost accumulated on the window panes of his Parliament Hill office and late afternoon ice melted in his cocktail glass, the Liberal MP had wry praise for his leader: "Machiavelli would be jealous of Pierre Trudeau."

Trudeau last week performed a masterstroke of manipulation that could only be admired by the 16th-century Italian philosopher whose name, unfairly, has become synonymous with political knavery. Withdrawing his resignation as party leader, the 60-year-old, ever-enigmatic Trudeau offered this, his craftiest campaign promise: "My intention would be to have the party select a new leader well before the next election." Thus Canadians could feel free to vote Liberal Feb. 18 despite any distaste they may have for Trudeau himself since, he pledges, he won't govern long before handing power to a Liberal successor.

It was the same trick he had used a week earlier to bring down the Conservative government of Prime Minister Joe Clark. Only because Trudeau assured the 112 members of his Liberal caucus that he would *not* lead them in another election did many of them feel brave enough to defeat the government Dec. 13 in a vote to condemn the Conservatives' first budget. Then, after personally cracking the whip to ensure that Liberals would be there in maximum force to impose an election upon the country, Trudeau announced that he had changed his mind and would be ready to stay on after all.

His change of heart appeared, as the campaign began, to gladden Clark and NDP Leader Ed Broadbent more than his own followers (see stories next page). In Quebec, however, the thought of another Trudeau mandate could only further blacken Premier René Lévesque's dark referendum horizon since Trudeau may again be able to argue that Quebeckers can continue to dominate federal politics. Another loser is provincial Liberal leader Claude Ryan, who has seen his monopoly as federalism's Great White Hope suddenly vanish and will now find his far-reaching proposals for constitutional change, due next month, challenged by a fighting cock rather than a lame duck. Others among the dejected were Liberal leadership aspirants, particularly former finance minister Donald Macdonald.



ROBERT COOPER

Liberal party president, Al Graham, and Trudeau: the draft was barely a breeze

Tuesday, having carefully created the impression that he would confirm his decision to step down as Liberal leader, Trudeau walked into the capital's press theatre and stunned the journalists he so likes to despise with the statement: "My duty is to accept the draft of my party—that duty was stronger even than my desire to continue with my plan to re-enter private life."



MALLETTE—THE GLOBE AND MAIL

In fact, the draft was barely a breeze. The Liberal caucus was deeply rent over the prospect of facing Canadian voters once more under a leader whose greatest public praise in recent years came when he humbly tendered his resignation as party leader last month. Contrary to public statements by Trudeau loyalists, dissension over his leadership was rife even among the 67 Liberals elected in Quebec, many of whom believe a new anglophone leader is essential to avoid the party's becoming a regional rump. So much dirty linen was in the wash that, during the marathon meeting of Liberal MPs the day after the government's defeat, the Quebec Liberals separated into their own closed-door caucus, leaving their 47 colleagues from English-speaking Canada puzzled. When they returned, it was not to invite Trudeau to stay on but simply to say they would back him if he did. Finally, a handful of English-speaking Liberals, whose personal political fortunes are tied to Trudeau's, gained control of the meeting and orchestrated the public "draft" of their resigned, but electorally randy, leader. Some Liberal MPs were concerned that Trudeau based his decision on an illusion of party support, but Liberal National Director Gordon Ashworth insisted that a delegation of caucus and party executive members met Trudeau Sunday night to inform him

that many Liberals were opposed to fighting a fifth campaign under Trudeau "They made it quite clear to him what the mood was—they did not sugarcoat it"

Though the party has, with some trepidation, accepted Trudeau's resurrection before burial, it did insist as a condition that the Opposition leader accept and defend a Liberal policy platform rather than performing another series of personal pirouettes from sea to sea

Looking fresher and more aggressive than at any time since Canadian voters toppled him from power last May, Trudeau promised his party "I will serve with all my energy" But more than just strength would have been seen in Trudeau's piercing eyes by his medieval mentor Machiavelli, who advised "The prince must be a lion, but he must also know how to play the fox"

New phrases in an old familiar style

The words may have been new but the melody was all too familiar Joe Clark, stiff and stentorian, stood on a campaign platform in Kitchener, Ontario, last week, fulminating against the "Liberals and socialists" and the "unnecessary election" their irresponsibility had caused While most Canadians worried about last-minute Christmas shopping, and still-stunned reporters struggled with *déjà vu*, the country's leading politicians were profaning the holiday season with their warlike rhetoric, trailing the nation's media behind them like threads from a hem Election 1980 was off and numbing



Clark, McTeer in Montreal 'free lunches'

Clark led the pack, leaving Ottawa Monday for his opening night in Montreal, in a week that was to take him through southern Ontario, Alberta, Vancouver, Winnipeg, then back to 24 Sussex Drive for a family Christmas. With a relaxed Maureen McTeer by his side, Clark was in the air before the Liberals had even re-chosen a leader—and before Trudeau's announcement, there was little real optimism at a Conservative rally in Montreal last Monday "They're all hacks, dreaming of 1958," said one Montreal lawyer, eying the throng around the free bar in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel "But it won't happen"

Clark, his staff and cabinet have been running flat out since last March's election call They were longing for a break at Christmas David Crombie's heart attack—graphic evidence of the cost of obsessive behavior—sobered more than one of his cabinet colleagues "It certainly makes you think," said 35-year-old Senator Robert de Cotret, who was determined to take a few days off over Christmas However, Clark and McTeer have had to postpone a planned 10-day getaway holiday at a friend's southern retreat.

This time around, at least, campaign travel is going to be limited by weather—and extravagant promises by prudence "There are no more free lunches," Clark thundered at the crowd in London. For his Tories, no free rides either.

Susan Riley

Jump-starting the Frigidair

The NDP kicked off its campaign in Toronto last week with one open question what to call the party's DC-9 campaign plane? Nominations were Frigidair and FreazeYourBumAir Whatever that choice, NDP leader Ed Broadbent is certainly clear about where he stands—on the precipice His party is ready to either ascend to new political heights or plummet to the rocks below The electorate, weary of trekking to the poll, might as in 1974 push for a stable majority government—trampling his party in the process But Broadbent is hoping that with evidence of disastrous back-to-back economic performances by both Liberal and Tory governments, the NDP will loom larger as an alternative Broadbent's major thrust promises to be the Clark government's "betrayal" of its campaign promise to take the country in new economic directions The party also plans to beat heavily on the energy drum

Broadbent sombrely addressing a media horde at Toronto's refurbished Westbury Hotel, greeted with glee Pierre Trudeau's decision to lead the Liberals "Until now in the Liberals, we thought we were simply facing an old party with old ideas Now we have an old leader too" A new Liberal chief, the NDP leader said, might have escaped taking the rap for past Liberal programs and policies Now he'll have both Clark and Trudeau directly on the firing line



HARVEY LUPIC

Broadbent: a decision greeted with glee

But that line remains thin In 1974 when the election was fought on another bread-and-butter issue wage and price controls, the NDP lost heavily "The situation," Broadbent says, "is entirely different now" The Liberals ultimately implemented the price controls against which they had campaigned This Conservatives in their turn, continued the Liberal policy of interest rate hikes and gave Canadians tax increases instead of the cuts they had promised, Broadbent charged

"We're not running for the sake of our health," said one Broadbent aide "We're running for government And we will form the government some day" But "some day" is as close as anyone would come The NDP's television advertising will stress Broadbent's leadership capabilities, and the party, mindful that the cards are stacked more in its favor than ever before, will not forget that the deal could still go either way

Cheryl Hawkes

the NDP was still warming up on the runway

But Clark is going to need more than organization and stamina—qualities he has in abundance—to win this one. He is a decent, hardworking man who has shown some flair and a rare self-deprecating wit in the Commons But on an election platform he still sounds the way he did eight months ago—pompous and rather a bore The wooden manner, the affected fluctuations in his voice, the mock outrage—none of it is any more palatable now than it was then. In fact, it could be his style, as much as his celebrated reversals in policy, that explain a truly remarkable fact after six months as prime minister, Clark has grown little in public respect, and hasn't gained much sympathy either

"I think a lot of Canadians are ready to accept the budget," said Ruth Carver, a Tory business owner, at a rally in London, Ont. "But, *if only* John Crosbie was leader..." Throughout southern Ontario, Clark got polite, if lukewarm, welcomes and in snowbound Toronto had to cancel his first campaign "event" because of bad weather But he can't rely on politesse to win over disaffected Ontario Liberals in 15 key swing ridings His step-down on Petro-Canada might help him in Ontario, but his family feud with Premier Bill Davis over energy pricing won't Ironically, the Tory campaign in Ontario might get its biggest boost from Pierre Trudeau's delayed re-entry At the same time, Trudeau will almost certainly dash the Tories' long-dreamed of renaissance in Quebec Even

Manitoba

Fond thoughts of the new sod

A devalued Canadian dollar coupled with firm agricultural prices have combined to make Manitoba farmland a blue-chip investment in the eyes of many Europeans Despite the 1978 Manitoba Agricultural Lands Protection Act, which limited nonresidents to purchases of no more than 20 acres, the transatlantic traffic in land has continued unabated, with Europeans channelling investment funds through Canadian-registered companies to outwit the spirit of the law Canadian-registered firms may buy as much land as they want The problem for government is tracing where the funds come from

Daryl Kraft, a University of Manitoba agricultural economist, estimates that of the 17 million acres of land privately held nine per cent is owned by absentee landlords, with four per cent owned by foreign interests—up from about one per cent in 1971 Buyers live in Switzerland, France, Italy, Germany and the United States, and in some areas of the province prices have doubled from $500 an acre to $1,000 in the past five or six years Farmers are concerned that escalating prices are squeezing young, Canadian would-be sons-of-the-soil out of the market, and now the Manitoba Farm Bureau has officially asked the Sterling Lyon government to plug loopholes in its foreign ownership legislation, so that "front" companies registered in Canada to channel European funds into land will be governed by the 20-acre limit.

In some areas up to 50 per cent of the land is now foreign-controlled, and economist Kraft is undertaking a study to find out just who the land is being leased to He says land prices are escalating by about 15 per cent a year, but believes they would have escalated anyway without foreign capital helping push them up "Many Canadian farmers have mechanized and find they can

Grain farmer Parker 'waf behind the ears'



HENRY KALEN

farm far more land, so they've been active buyers too." Nor is Kraft convinced foreign ownership is detrimental to agriculture: he points out that leased-back land allows young Canadian farmers without capital to rent land from absentee landlords, perhaps later buying it as their fortunes improve.

"That view," says Lorne Parker, a 52-year-old grain farmer in the Ste Agathe area, "comes from someone wet behind the ears. Foreign ownership is increasing and it's hard for a young farmer signing a lease to get favorable terms if he never meets the owner."

Parker says of 1,400 quarter sections in the nearby MacDonald municipality, 60 are now foreign-owned and prices have been bid up about $90 an acre in the past year. "The tenant is simply told what the rent will be," he says. "He can't negotiate special clauses about drainage, improvements and building maintenance because the agent acting for the owner doesn't have authority to act. It's very frustrating for anyone trying to rent."

More ominously, rents have increased by 40 per cent and more in the past year, and simple cash rent assessments are no longer sufficient. Says Harold Sneath, chairman of the Manitoba Agricultural Lands Protection Board, himself a retired farmer: "When outsiders first began buying land the leasing contracts were reasonable and lasted two or three years. Now some owners will only give yearly contracts and rent is set in terms of a certain number of bushels per acre, with the bushels at a fixed price. Since grain prices fluctuate a lot, that adds more worry and uncertainty to a young farmer with little to fall back on." Asks farmer Parker, "If a farmer does default on rent one year, how is he to recover his investment? He may have spent thousands on fertilizer the previous fall, but leases don't reflect that investment. Young farmers aren't being given a fair chance."

Monitoring foreign land sales is made more difficult because many of the companies concerned are based in Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver and are not even registered in Manitoba. One firm, Unifeller Company of Montreal, which has branches in Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Holland, Denmark and Japan, publishes a catalogue which lists 14,250 acres of prime Manitoba farmland at prices as high as $1,100 an acre. Though company Vice-President John Feller insists that Unifeller sells only to Europeans intending to farm the land they buy (62 landed immigrants did buy Manitoba farms this year), there is ample evidence that other companies are less concerned about selling to foreign and absentee landlords.

Peter Carlyle-Gordge

Newfoundland

Around and around the finger goes

Awarding government contracts strictly by public tender is a matter of high principle with all right-thinking democratic administrations. However, managing to find ways around such regulations is not unheard of in most jurisdictions—and sometimes it gets out of hand. Newfoundland's Public Tendering Act, for example, was brought in by the Conservative administration of Frank Moores in 1974, two years after the end of the Smallwood Liberal era, "mainly because what had gone on before was quite incredible." Thus Moores testified under oath last week, adding "We brought it in with every intention of applying it, not for breaking it."

If the former premier (January, 1972 to March, 1979), now an investment consultant, sounded a bit defensive, it was understandable because he had been called before the provincial public accounts committee's hearings into "apparent contraventions" of the tendering legislation. The seeming irregularities had been uncovered in reports of the auditor-general dating back to 1976 and dealt with such matters as the question of government members using the services of Sealand Helicopters Ltd., owned by Moores's personal friend Craig Dobbin, when other services had already been contracted for. Another case involved the installation of highway guard rails in a number of locations. The total job was done at a cost of more than $70,000 but on paper was identified as a series of independent projects so that each was worth less than $15,000 and thus not subject to the tendering act.

A number of instances concerned highway construction jobs being dealt out under the guise of "contract extensions" instead of by calling for public tenders. Committee chairman Tom Rideout (Lib., Baie Verte-White Bay) found some of these matters close to incredible. "Contract extensions under the Public Tendering Act," he told Moores, "are very formal, clearly defined things . . . but we're dealing with a couple of extensions here that seem to stretch the imagination."

In one of several appearances before the committee last month, former transportation minister James Morgan had testified that all such contract extension cases had been given cabinet approval. Then Moores, on his way to the hearing last week, advised reporters: "I'm going to start pointing the finger back down [the chain of command]," but his long-awaited appearance proved anti-climactic. Visibly tense, gulping the coffee provided by the accounts committee, the former premier pleaded ignorance. He told the committee that since the cabinet agenda was often busy, most of the projects went through with "almost routine consideration."

When the committee adjourned for Christmas, many other questions raised by the provincial auditor remained to be investigated. But a prime question is whether the hearings, which have now dragged on for two years, are worthwhile since the act that was "apparently contravened" contains no sanctions for violations. When ex-premier Moores was asked about that, he told the committee he "didn't think you could write a penalty as such. If someone intentionally contravenes the act, you can remove him from office. If it's done unintentionally that's a different story."

Robert Plaskin



SHIRLEY SI, JOHN S EVENING TELEGRAM

Former premier Moores, redundant removals

In on a claw and a prayer

The two bloated Air Canada DC-8s that took off from Halifax last Tuesday bound for Paris weren't full of festive holidayers trying to get away from a Canadian winter—they were instead crammed with 130,000 pounds of live lobsters packed in wood chips, wet newspapers and seaweed, and destined for French tables where the delicately flavored crustacean is as traditional for European Christmas and New Year's dinners as turkey is in North America. By the time the final cargo plane touches down in Paris this week, nearly one million pounds of Maritime lobsters—the equivalent of 15 fully packed planes—will have made their way to fish markets all over Europe.

A combination of declining catches of European lobster and improved air cargo handling facilities have created a booming business for Canadian fish exporters during the past five years. Thanks largely to the Christmas rush (which accounts for nearly 50 per cent of the annual lobster export trade to Europe), the business is now growing by 10 to 15 per cent each year and, says Greg Buffet, the vice-president of marketing for Clearwater Lobsters Ltd., an aggressive three-year-old Halifax company which is now Canada's largest live lobster exporter. The potential for even more growth is there. The only problem is economics.

That problem is formidable. By the time a lobster, which is worth anywhere from $2 to $2.50 per pound to the fisherman who traps it in Yarmouth, passes through the many hands on its journey to the Paris fish market, its price has increased to anywhere from $8 to $10 a pound. Shipping costs alone add 96 cents a pound to the final cost.

A more immediate problem, however, is getting enough planes to satisfy even the existing demand. "Christmas is our busiest season for both passengers and cargo," says Gordon Dossett, Air Canada's Nova Scotia cargo sales and service manager, "and we have to scrounge around to find extra planes and space for the lobsters." Air Canada added three extra planes to its regular weekly cargo schedule to Paris and also booked extra freight space aboard passenger flights bound from Toronto and Montreal to Europe. The program was so successful, Dossett said, that the company was able, by juggling all available cargo space, to ship about 50,000 pounds of lobsters that otherwise wouldn't have made it to European importers.

Because of the incredible demand for lobster in Europe, Canadian exporters are now also beginning to get competition from their counterparts in Maine and Boston. However, Clearwater's Butler says: "The thing we have going for us is our lobster. You won't find a better, tastier lobster anywhere than the ones from southwest Nova Scotia."

Stephen Kimber



CHERYL LEAN

Dossett with New Year's dinner: extra freight space aboard passenger flights

Poetry in motion

The day the Supreme Court rendered its historic verdict on the Quebec and Manitoba language laws, F.R. Scott, one of Canada's most highly regarded constitutional law experts, was sitting on a Montreal bus. Despite the unlikely press conference site, Scott—who is also one of Canada's best-known anglophone poets—had shown up to argue points of Bill 101.

In fact, it was with the blessings of the language law and its watchdog committee, l'Office de la Langue Française, that poems by Scott and nine other anglophone Montreal poets were chosen to join works by 10 francophone poets on back-lit advertising space on 1,000 of the city's buses. Poetry is an art and so excluded from the language law, and the office was actually surprised when the organizer of the commuter poetry project, Tom Konyves, was willing, if required by law, to have the English selections translated into French. All went well until a few days before the unveiling of *Poetry in Motion*, when Konyves checked with the transit system's advertising firm and was told its vice-president, Yvon Riopel, had neglected to distribute the 500 copies of works by Scott, Leonard Cohen, Louis Dudek and the other anglophone poets. "He said they'd be bad for business," the feisty, 32-year-old Konyves says. But when he and the other angry young (and not-so-young) men showed up at the display bus, their poems were in place beside the works of Gaston Miron, Emile Nelligan and Paul Chamberland. Riopel said it was a misunderstanding.

A few days later, however, all the French poems were in place but no one seems to agree on how many English works are up in lights between the hair tint and the bresseres. Riopel's workers say he told them to place only 150 — Riopel insists that 1,300 English and French poems are installed — 300 more than were originally printed. "That's quite an abuse of good old poetic licence," Konyves muses glumly.

Larry Black



TEDD CHURCH

Dudek and transient poems: 'poetic licence'

Some are more equal than others

At times the wheeling and dealing seemed more like an American political convention. As the delegations huddled in their suites at Caracas' luxurious Hotel Tamanaco, Venezuelan Oil Minister Humberto Calderón and his aides were wearing out the corridor carpets in an all-out attempt to get OPEC's act together. But after two late nights of lobbying and three days of dissentful plenary meetings in the ornate Naiguata banqueting salon, the best they seemed likely to accomplish was to paper over the divisions between Libya, which set a new high of $30 a barrel before the meeting and was looking for more, and Saudi Arabia (and others), who wanted to stick to the $24 price that they had set as their new rate.

Nothing that happened at Caracas could alter the fact that OPEC was deeply divided over prices, leaving open chances of wildcat increases by individual members. The increases already imposed by the cartel had reached around 100 per cent in a year—the most painful blow to the economies of the industrialized nations (to say nothing of the Third and Fourth Worlds) since the 400-per-cent increases of the black years of 1973 to 1975. There was some hope however of a respite. For one thing, demand, in the words of John Lichtblau, executive director of the Petroleum Industry Research Foundation in New York, was expected to stay "flat" as consuming nations concentrated on absorbing the shock to their balances of payments. For another, the steam was beginning to go out of the spot market (where prices of around $40 a barrel for months have been pressuring OPEC members to cash in) because consumer nations had largely finished building up stocks (most now have three months' in hand), and, finally, because production continues high. Right now OPEC is producing around 31 billion barrels a day against world demand of 30 million.

But Lichtblau warned that the equilibrium could easily be upset. A number of OPEC countries had been talking about production cuts for other than technical reasons, and while the world could cope with a smallish cutback, reduction to, say, 29 million barrels a day could mean that the spot market would go "crazy" again. The countries to watch, said Lichtblau, were Iran, for obvious reasons, Libya, and Iraq, which needs the petrodollars, though "they [the Iraqis] seem to be in the moderate camp as of today."

Like George Orwell's equality ("some



Saudi's Zaki Yamani: hope for a respite

The suns of Abraham

When Israel's ambitious young energy minister, Yitzhak Moda'i, threw a switch last week, he did more than light up three token electric candles for the Jewish feast of Hannukah. The ceremony on the southwestern shore of the Dead Sea marked the inauguration of the world's largest solar power station capable of generating enough electricity to meet the daily needs of about 30 families.

By the end of the century the Israelis hope to have expanded the system to break the back of their energy problems, and to have pointed the way out of the oil producers' shackles for much of the Third World. With government and World Bank backing, the Ormat Turbine Company is planning to increase capacity from the present 150-kilowatt plant at En Bokek, near the site of the biblical Sodom, to five megawatts by December 1982, 200 megawatts by 1990, and 2,000 megawatts—equivalent to Israel's total present output—by the year 2000.

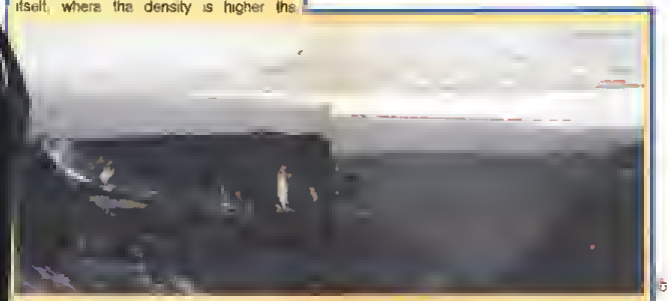
The plant comprises a two-acre solar pond of salty water, like the Dead Sea itself, where the density is higher the deeper you go. Such pools occur naturally or can be constructed artificially. The energy from the sun penetrates the lighter upper layer and is retained at the bottom. The difference of salinity prevents heat loss through convection, the top layer acting as insolation.

Hot water at a temperature of about 70°C is piped into an evaporator in which an organic working fluid is heated and transformed into a gas which in turn is piped into the fan of a turbine which generates the electricity. The cost of the power is expected to be comparable to that of hydroelectricity.

Israeli engineers have been working on the salinity idea since 1958 and the country has an enviable record on solar energy generally. It is already a major source of hot water, if not yet of electricity. About 300,000 households, one in every three, heat their water from the sun. So does the Neptune Hotel in the Red Sea resort of Eilat. The Tel-Hashomer Hospital near Tel Aviv is installing 30,000 square feet of rooftop collectors to provide hot water and air conditioning for its eye department.

Ormat's managing director Yehuda Bronicki, is confident that his team has solved the technical problems of keeping a solar pool stable. The Dead Sea, he said last week, could be used as one vast solar lake. Canada is short on year-round sunshine. But Ormat in co-operation with the Southern California Edison Co. is studying the feasibility of building a modest five-megawatt power station on the shore of the Salton Sea in Southern California and is seeking markets in Africa, Asia and South America.

Eric Silver



Dead Sea: a solar hope for the future



The Georgian oil port of Batumi: the free world's intelligence agencies in a tizzy

The Gooey Archipelago

All the worry and the fear over the current energy situation is centred on the confused situation in the Middle East. But if new and authoritative, though still unconfirmed, studies turn out to be true, the real mega-giant among the world's petroleum nations may turn out to be the Soviet Union.

At a time when oil has become the standard by which countries judge their economic futures, this could significantly alter the fragile East-West power balance.

Until recently, total oil reserves were set at 650 billion barrels. The Soviet share accounted for 7.1 billion barrels, or 10.9 per cent of the total. Even at these current levels, the Soviet Union had become the world's No. 1 oil producer, with an average output of 11.7 million barrels per day, an amazing 2.2 million barrels more than Saudi Arabia's output. Yet it has been widely assumed that by 1985 the Soviet Union would join the West as a net oil importer.

But a new report by PetroStudies, an independent Swedish research organization, now claims that the Soviets have deliberately downplayed their reserves, which really amount to 150 billion barrels—more than twice the conventionally accepted total. PetroStudies claims it tabulated these as yet undisclosed finds as well as obtaining still secret production and exploration quotas contained in the next Five Year Plan.

The report, which took two years to complete, has thrown the free world's intelligence agencies into a tizzy. Only recently the CIA had confidently reported that the Soviet Union was facing severe oil shortages. The Swedish document says, however, that that error is so large that the world's oil reserves must be revised upward by an amount equal to the combined reserves of the U.S., Canada and Mexico. It claims the Soviet leadership's long-term policy is to increase oil exports to the West, particularly refined oil products, "to earn the hard currency needed to purchase American technology and Canadian wheat."

Even now, the Soviets play an important part in the European energy mix, exporting 700,000 barrels of oil a day, mostly to Britain, Italy, Germany and France. For example, Nafta GB Ltd., a wholly owned subsidiary of the Soviet ministry of foreign trade, runs 250 filling stations in the greater London area.

Soviet oil has historically come from the Baku fields, tapping the vast reserves beneath the Caspian Sea. The new finds are situated in the Tartar Republic between the Volga and the Urals, with major pools around Kuybyshev, Saratov and Volgograd. The Soviet Union possesses 31 per cent of the world's natural gas reserves and nearly half its coal, and the recently discovered Urengoi gas field in western Siberia is thought to be the earth's largest.

Despite their adequate energy supplies, the Soviets have been busy tying up petroleum exports from Iraq, Libya and Algeria, using hard-currency loans and transfers of military equipment to clinch the deals. Part of the reason is that many of the Soviet Union's new oil finds are located in remote parts of Siberia and off-shore in the Barents Sea. Only Western drilling technology will allow the extraction of those remote resources.

Ironically, the fall of the shah has put a halt to what was the Soviets' most imaginative energy import venture, which was to have been financed through a syndicate headed by the Chase Manhattan Bank. It involved construction of a new natural gas pipeline from the Iranian fields north into the eastern republics of the Soviet Union, thereby freeing gas in the west for sale to Italy and West Germany. That particular arrangement died with the assumption of power by the Khomeini regime. But in the world poker game over future energy resources, the Soviet Union remains an underrated player—even though it may end up holding the winning hand.

Peter C. Newman





Iran's Ali Akbar Moinfar, ona to watch

animals are more equal than others"), moderation in the OPEC context nevertheless represented an extreme, perhaps mortal, blow to consumers' hopes of maintaining standards of living. Canadian economists calculated that the taxpayers' bill for compensating the eastern part of the country (which has to import oil) would be more than three times as much as in 1978, while Finance Minister John Crosbie's supposedly hefty tax increases were made to look totally innocuous, even inadequate.

In the United States, the new increases were estimated to add at least $20 billion to the oil bill next year, bringing it to the grand total of $80 billion, about twice as much as in 1978. That seemed certain to thrust the U.S. current account deeper into a deficit (it was hoping to lower the deficit in 1979) and add new impetus to the administration's attempts to restrain imports. Even before the OPEC meeting, President Jimmy Carter was giving serious consideration to a 50-cent tax on every (U.S.) gallon of gasoline. Other measures in the planners' files: mandatory rationing (a rather less likely option), energy-saving changes in the driving laws (allowing right turns on red lights), promotion of mass transit and firmer measures to move to alternative energy sources.

In Europe the reaction was mixed. As the talks in Caracas opened, Britain's chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe—"the ground is moving beneath us as we speak"—warned European Community finance and economic ministers that OPEC rises on top of the $6 that Saudi Arabia and others had stuck on a barrel in advance, could alter the underlying facts (of the Western economy) "in a most discouraging fashion." But in Munich the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* could barely suppress a yawn, despite West Germany's vanishing trade surplus. "The raises which will add $20 to 25 billion to the EC's oil bill are upon us, as expected," it said. "And we will learn to live with them—equally as expected."

Gold speculators took a different view, however, and the price had reached a record $477 U.S. an ounce even before the outcome at Caracas was known. And in London, a group of international statesmen called for urgent and major reform of the economic system. The commission, whose members included former prime minister of several European countries, said a global effort should be made to achieve: large-scale transfers of funds to developing countries, agreement on security of energy supplies and conservation, and reforms in the monetary system and means of financing development. "The existing international economic arrangements are increasingly unstable," warned West Germany's Willy Brandt. "Stocks of arms are piling up. After hunger, chaos threatens, after chaos, war."

With files from Ian Urquhart in Washington and Peter Lewis in Brussels.

Australia

Thunder down under

In most countries of the world, a politician with ambitions to be prime minister would disqualify himself if it were widely known that he had a drinking problem. But for Australia's Bob Hawke, who has just declared himself an aspirant for the Lodge, the PM's official Canberra residence now occupied by Malcolm Fraser, it could be an electoral trump card.

Drinking prodigious quantities of beer is what Australians like to be known for, and Hawke's reputation with ale goes back even before he went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar in 1953 and got himself into *The Guinness Book of World Records* for sinking two pints of beer in 12 seconds.

If it were anybody else but "Hawkey," the Congregationalist minister's son who rejected Christianity, it might seem somewhat premature to talk about him as a pretender as the press has done incessantly the past few weeks. Hawke, 50, is not even yet an MP. To get to the top he would have to get elected to Parliament and usurp power from Australian Labor Party leader Bill Hayden, 46. Then he would have to lead the ALP to electoral victory over Fraser's Liberal-National Country Party coalition.



PM pretender Hawke: a reputation with ale

So far, all Hawke has achieved besides daily headlines is preselection for a safe Melbourne ALP seat. But Hawke is Australia's favorite Australian, a swashbuckler who combines an "Okker" (rough Australian) personality and speech with intellectual brilliance. It was Hawke who took on super interviewer David Frost in 1977, repeatedly calling him an interpolator and a pedlar of inanities. But Hawke won his spurs not for TV grandstanding but as president of the Australian Council of Trade Unions (ACTU) from 1970 until he stepped down in November to chase a prime ministerial career. With a mixture of bullying and persuasion, he kept Australia's volatile but highly paid work force off the picket lines. In fact, it was often said that no prime minister could govern without his assent. And with his peacekeeping role, Hawke mixed entrepreneurial enterprise. While head of the ACTU he opened a department store in Melbourne called Bourkes, a chain of service stations and a jet travel service—all under ACTU ownership.

Doubts remain, however, about his ability to run the country. The doyen of Canberra political columnists, Alan Reid, who writes for the conservative *Bulletin*, Australia's influential newsmagazine, said recently he could not see Hawke getting to the top in one stride, although he had been drinking nothing but soda water for a couple of months.

A more probable scenario, said Reid, could start with Hayden, a Queenslander with as much charisma as a policeman on the beat (which he once was), doing only modestly well in next year's elections. Then a move to replace him could be set in motion with Hawke emerging strongly in time to lead the party in the 1984 elections.

Some people say Hawke has already made his first campaign mistake by taking on the Victorian left wing of the party, which is considerably more powerful than his dismissal of it as a "phone-box minority" would imply. Strongly opposed to Hawke's pro-Israel stance, the left will do anything to stop him even if it means supporting the more right-wing Paul Keating, 35, who would be his main rival if Hayden steps down.

So far the momentum is with Hawke. Hayden's popularity, as measured by opinion polls, has dipped since Hawke declared himself. But he may need more than his popularity as a public figure and the attentions of four biographers (at last count) to achieve his lifelong ambition.

Philip Grenard

U.S.A.

Sex and the single amendment



Senator Edward Brooka and Smeal cheer extension for ERA ratification (top) and Carter addresses women as assistant Sarah Weddington looks on: lack of action

By Catherine Fox

American feminists have been fighting a tedious and losing battle to get the Equal Rights Amendment added to the U.S. Constitution. But the issue has hit the headlines once again and women's rights groups hope to keep it there throughout the presidential election campaign. It may be their last chance to keep discussion alive.

In 1980, pro-ERA organizations plan to support candidates at the national and local levels who may be able to shift the balance in their favor. The National Organization of Women (NOW) plans to meet again in January to decide whether to endorse any presidential candidate (they are leaning toward Ted Kennedy). The Women's Campaign Fund—which gives financial assistance and campaign advice to women candidates—will also meet early in 1980.

NOW jolted the women's movement earlier this month by proclaiming it would not support President Jimmy Carter's re-election bid. Said NOW President Eleanor Smeal: "The president has given the appearance of working on ERA, but his real support has not matched his promised support." The White House was quick to retaliate by withdrawing an invitation to Smeal to join other women's group leaders and the president to discuss the ERA.

It is now seven years since the battle for the ERA began and the present position is that it must be ratified in 38 states by June, 1982, to win adoption. So far 35 states have backed the amendment—but not one new state has been added to the list since Carter assumed office. While supporters point to his significant contribution to other women's issues—he has named three women cabinet members and appointed 28 women as federal judges—his ERA record is poor.

While other prominent feminists have criticized Carter's performance, no other group has taken as sharp action as NOW. There is some feeling that NOW may have backed itself into a corner if the presidential race turns out to be between Carter and a conservative Republican like Ronald Reagan, who has courted the anti-ERA groups. But former congresswoman Bella Abzug—fired by Carter as co-chairwoman of his

National Advisory Committee for Women—said that while she doesn't agree with NOW's strategy, "I can certainly sympathize with being fed up with Carter. He went wrong by not using his power to get the ERA ratified."

Kennedy has also attacked the president for his inaction. Earlier this month he told women's rights leaders: "The issue is a matter of basic principle that cannot be compromised. For the next president, a first priority must be to make the Equal Rights Amendment the 27th amendment to the Constitution of the United States."

That may be easy for candidate Kennedy to say, but NOW and a host of other pro-ERA groups know that it is proving difficult to do. The amendment was passed by the U.S. Congress in March, 1972, and within 20 months 27 states had ratified it. Between 1974 and 1977 eight more states followed suit, but from then on it has been an uphill battle. Of the remaining 15 states, only four—Florida, Missouri, North Carolina and Virginia—are likely to consider the amendment seriously. Feminists had to fight a heated battle to extend ratification voting, until 1982, earlier this year when the first deadline ran out.

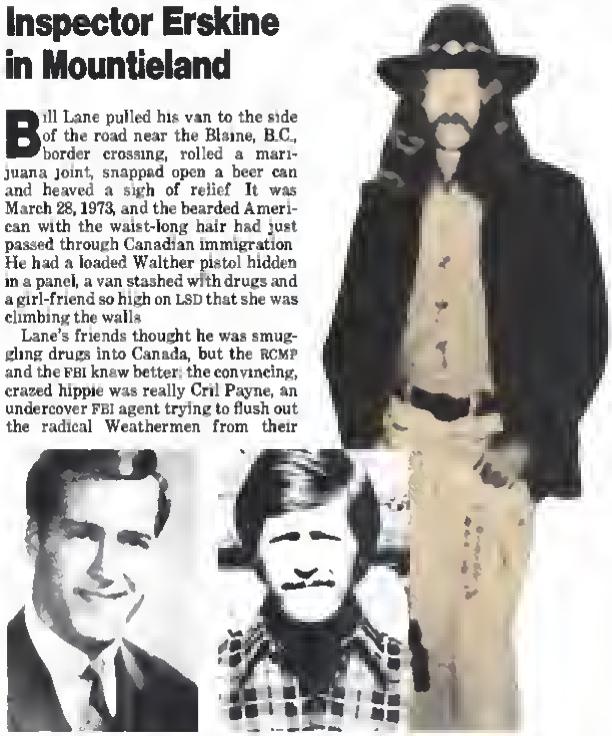
As if trying to persuade three more states to ratify the ERA weren't enough, at least one state, Idaho, is trying to rescind an earlier pro-ERA vote. A federal district court judge in Boise is considering a case that would give a state the right to change its mind on a constitutional amendment. The same case could declare the "ERA extension" deadline of 1982 unconstitutional. Judge Marion Callister is likely to begin hearing the case in February or March.

But the problems with this case go beyond the issues. NOW has asked that Callister disqualify himself from the case because he is a Mormon (the Mormon Church—which recently excommunicated a member who actively supports the ERA—opposes both the amendment and the extended deadline). Said NOW President Smeal: "How can a trial by a high-ranking official of the priesthood of the Mormon Church possibly have the appearance of impartiality when we know of the church's official position against the ERA and ERA extension?" But Callister has refused to step down. ◇

Inspector Erskine in Mountieland

Bill Lane pulled his van to the side of the road near the Blaine, B.C., border crossing, rolled a marijuana joint, snapped open a beer can and heaved a sigh of relief. It was March 28, 1973, and the bearded American with the waist-long hair had just passed through Canadian immigration. He had a loaded Walther pistol hidden in a panel, a van stashed with drugs and a girl-friend so high on LSD that she was climbing the walls.

Lane's friends thought he was smuggling drugs into Canada, but the RCMP and the FBI knew better: the convincing, crazed hippie was really Cril Payne, an undercover FBI agent trying to flush out the radical Weathermen from their hideouts in B.C.'s remote Slocan Valley. In *Deep Cover*, a book available in the U.S. and due for release this January in Canada, Payne details his painful birth as a counterculture radical (he was beaten so badly by Miami police during the 1972 Republican national convention that he needed two operations to correct the damage done by nightsticks repeatedly rammed into his rectum) and his exploits in Canada.



Payne before (left), after (middle) and during his work as an agent: badly beaten

While the FBI has no jurisdiction on foreign soil, the RCMP gave its blessing to Payne. He was in touch with the RCMP criminal division's Special L Squad (formed to help the FBI investigate the Weathermen) by phone. He reported his progress every 30 days and gave debriefings to the Mounties. But, according to Payne, he worked the back hills and communes without RCMP assistance. He lived with Canadians suspected of helping the fugitives, and although he turned down RCMP requests to photograph them and bug their houses he did check into their backgrounds.

The Mounties acknowledge frequent assignments for FBI agents in Canada. But an RCMP spokesman said the agents are always accompanied by a Mountie. As for Payne's clandestine surveillance, the spokesman said he had not read the book and would offer no comment. (Somebody in the RCMP has read it: the publishers told Payne the Mounties requested an advance copy of *Deep Cover*.) Says Payne: "There were at least three deep-cover agents working in Canada and if the RCMP tells you they were aware of all of our activities it is misleading at best."

The RCMP itself tried to infiltrate the American underground in B.C., but failed. The Mounties say it was not a top priority to find the radicals accused of bombing the U.S. Capitol building, the Pentagon and banks around the country—"they didn't do anything in Canada." But the fugitives told Payne they were obtaining Canadian citizenship and phoney documents listing their birthplace as Hoffman, Saskatchewan. (They claimed the Hoffman courthouse had burned down making it impossible to trace birth records. But Saskatchewan officials told *Maclean's* that the town does not exist.)

Readers of *Deep Cover* are left with the question: did the RCMP let the FBI plant undercover agents in Canada? Payne speculates that top government officials were never told about the undercover operations.

Paulette Bourgeois

Black and white and red all over

By Thomas Hopkins, Ann Johnston

It was one of the longest death rattles in Canadian publishing history. Vancouver's Talonbooks, foremost publisher of Canadian plays, reluctantly prepared its own obituary early this month, finally succumbing after a relentless, grinding battle against production and retail book costs, which have doubled in the past five years, and advertising expenses, which have spiralled up by 1,600 per cent since 1975. Even though Talon's crisis prompted the Canada Council to swoop to the rescue just before Christmas with a $20,000 grant—conditional upon the tiny publishing house's generating matching funds—many in the industry fear that Talon, still struggling 12 years after its founding, may be the first in a domino reaction of Canadian publishing failures caused by The Crunch of '79—a crunch severe enough to alter the nature and style of the $600-million Canadian publishing industry in the 1980s.

After a decade of relative buoyancy, Canadian publishers in the past year have been buffeted by the twin bogeys of ever-growing interest rates and a fickle retail market. This fall Jack McClelland, president of McClelland and Stewart, laid off 10 per cent of his staff. Montreal's Tundra Books, Canada's foremost juvenile book publisher, has ceased publication of its children's line and Breakwater Books in St. John's is in danger of slipping into the sea if the Newfoundland government doesn't soon respond to its pleas for assistance, in the same way as Talon's request has gone unanswered by the B.C. government. "The Canadian publishing industry is about to go through one of the most incredibly tough times it has ever seen," says Macmillan of Canada trade publisher Doug Gibson.

Much of the pressure is coming from booksellers burdened by high interest rates themselves. Unable to keep large inventories on their shelves, many were sending Canadian best sellers back unsold to publishers before the Christmas season had even begun. "The number of returns this year is absolutely unprecedented," says McClelland. The three major chains—Coles, Classic and W. H. Smith—now control 45 per cent of Canadian book sales. Their successive price wars have all but squeezed most independent book stores out of competition, thus spoiling the market for small literary publishers whose specialized publications often don't interest the chain stores. In addition, production costs, particularly the price of paper, have skyrocketed, forcing retail prices up; books have become a luxury.

As a result, even McClelland is responding to the entertainment element, announcing that he will concentrate on commercial rather than literary publishing in the near future. The appearance of four new Canadian paperback houses during the '70s helped tip the scale in favor of light reading, the overall result being a demand for pop fiction, thrillers and disaster books in the order of *Balls!*, *Needles* and *Icequake*. Young Canadian writers with a more independent turn of mind often feel defeated by the struggles to get published.

Even though the federal government will have distributed an impressive $8.4 million in aid to publishers in the next year, many realize this is a Band-Aid solution at best, with no guarantee that it will be repeated in subsequent years, and, ideally, no reason why it should *have* to be. Indeed, many bright young publishers, now 10-year vetsrans, are tired of the struggle. Says Scott McIntyre of the Vancouver-based Douglas & McIntyre and chairman of the Association of Book Publishers of B.C.: "This year some are saying, 'Screw this. Life is too short.'" Ellen Godfrey of Toronto's Press Porcépic says if conditions do not change Canada's five largest CanLit houses—Talon, Breakwater, Oberon, Anansi and Simon & Pierra—will be



PAUL LITTLE

ROBINSON: THE GLOBE & MAIL

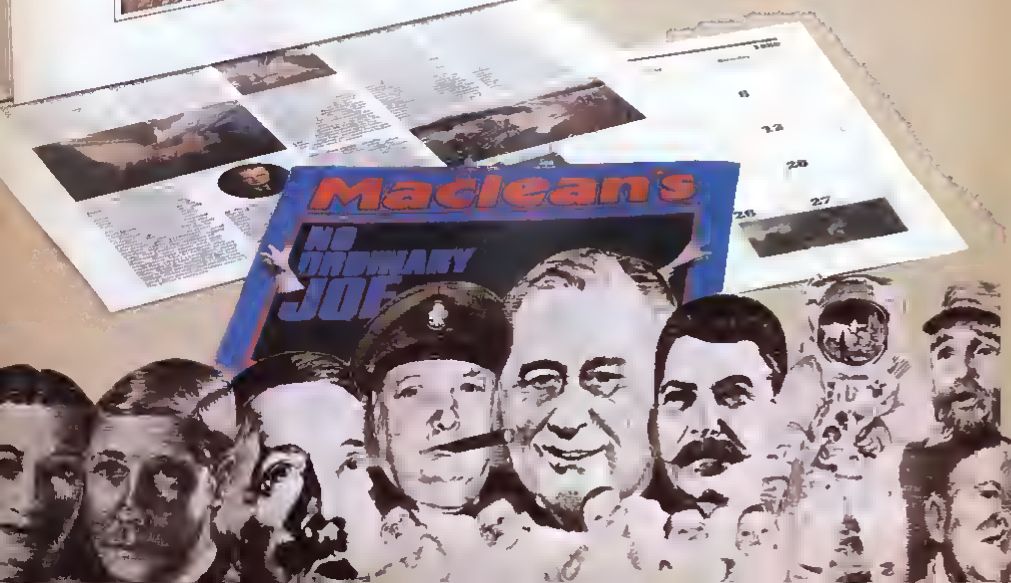
Talon's Karl Siegler, (right) David Robinson, (inset) McClelland: soma esying 'scraw this, life is too short'

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gone in five years. Clyde Rose of Breakwater Books is looking not only to government grants but an entry into the lucrative educational market, almost monopolized by foreign publishers in the Atlantic provinces. In fact, of approximately 270 publishers operating across Canada, only 190 are Canadian-owned.

For all the economic doom and gloom, the number of books sold in Canada has never been greater and many houses are boasting strong spring lists even though the bread and butter for many houses is non-Canadian titles. Nationalism notwithstanding, several publishers are convinced the crunch may even be a bracing slap in the face for the industry. "With the current economic situation, it's no longer good to just be a Canadian book," says McIntyre. "Now it has to be a *good* Canadian book. The discipline will be good for the industry."

In this odd conflict between flint-eyed economics and literary idealism, putting out noncommercial books is irrational, says Porcépic's Godfrey, "like a love affair." Many feel that idealism will inevitably lose the fight, and for champions of Canadian fiction of the 1980s perhaps the most chilling comment on the current state of publishing is McIntyre's comment on Margaret Atwood's first novel, *The Edible Woman*. "If she had written it today, I'm afraid it would never have been published." ✪

Turning the tractor around

In the beginning, there was the slogan WE CAN DO IT on buttons and bumper stickers. And some bravado from the boss. "Unless we have the worst depression since the Napoleonic war," said Conrad Black in 1978, "we expect a profitable year next year." Last week, as the Massey-Ferguson Ltd. board of directors slogged through a four-inch overnight snowfall in Toronto to the long-awaited year-end board meeting delayed an hour by late arrivals, the news inside was waiting warmly. Black, 35, Massey chairman since August, 1978, and Victor Rice, 38, his appointee as president, delivered on their lavish public promise of a year ago. From losses of $262.4 million (U.S.) in 1978, Massey's 1979 *profit* is $36.9 million. "Nobody on the board was euphoric," says Rice. "Why would we be?" But he couldn't help adding: "It's a stupendous turnaround."

The cost has been equally stupendous. In the last 18 months, employees have been cut from 67,000 to 56,000. By the end of 1980, another 11,000 will be gone as the giant multinational, still the



BRIAN WILLER-MACLEAN'S

Rice bleeding limbs, festering sores

largest producer of tractors in the world, severs bleeding limbs and closes up the festering sores. The list is long. The Canton, Ohio, diesel plant, closed and for sale. Kilmarnock works in Scotland closing, and Hanomag, the German construction equipment division, sold. An Akron, Ohio, industrial machinery plant closed last May. An Argentinian implement factory, sold. A construction machinery plant in Brazil, sold. More than half the interest in a South Africa operation, sold. A 38-per-cent interest in a Spanish truck operation, up for sale. Other units in Mexico, Ireland, Winnipeg and Detroit, gone. The hemorrhaging is now halted. Recalls Black: "You wouldn't believe the shambles when I took over."

It's not the first bad cycle in Massey's 132-year history. This one began earlier in the 1970s, when then-chairman Albert Thornborough let the firm get away from him. He tried to run things from Boca Raton, Florida, but strikes, inflation, dollar devaluation and marketing problems (Massey had no big tractor until recently for the North American market) ran the company down. When Black took over at Argus in June, 1978, he decided that Massey (controlled by Argus) was a historic institution he wanted to save and so he moved into a 14th-floor office there.

Two questions were thus answered during the five-hour board meeting punctured by a chicken-pie-and-salad lunch: is the Massey turnaround occurring *and* can Black run something larger than the Sherbrooke *Record*, his first business venture in 1969. The answer to both is yes. While this year's profit of $36.9 million is tiny on 1979 sales of $2.97 billion, it nevertheless exists. And while Rice won't predict exact profit levels for 1980, Black's mark in corporate history is now assured. It matters to the $5-billion-asset empire he controls—Massey, Hollinger Mines, Dominion Stores, Standard Broadcasting, Sterling Newspapers and a recently acquired 10 per cent of Noranda Mines.

Eighteen months after he grabbed Argus from the widows of two former chairmen, his move-in method is clear. First, alignment with a respected elder such as the late Nelson Davis, the 81-year-old Hollinger Chairman P.C. Finlay, and the 67-year-old Massey deputy chairman, Albert Thornborough. With the link to the old soldier assured, Black moves in young troops. CFTO-TV's Doug Bassett, 39, or president of Eaton's, Fredrik Eaton, 41, 37-year-old David Radler of Vancouver, and 41-year-old Peter White, of London, Ontario, from his Sterling chain, 38-year-old brother Monty; and, of course, Rice. It takes, in all senses of the words, some corporate concentration. "You can accuse me of many things," Black recently told a colleague, "but you can't say I've been idle."

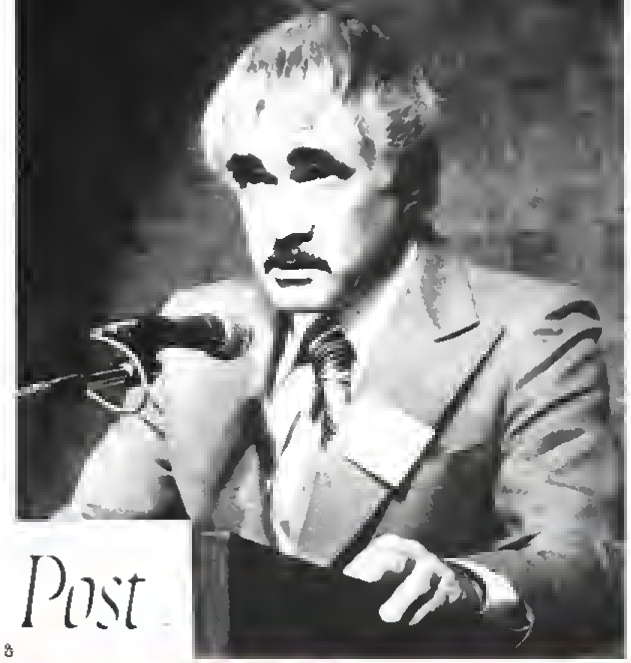
Corporate history may not be breathtaking, but there is little breathing space either. For Black and Rice, the 1980 push at Massey will come in refinancing debt and increasing market share in North America where Massey musters only five per cent of total sales in the big tractors valued in the $30,000 to $40,000 range. Research and development will receive $70 million, baleful cost cuts will continue. Rice, whose 1979 salary was $231,750, doesn't even seem to mind that he hasn't received a raise yet. He's looking ahead to even better 1980 results and a thankful shareholders meeting then. "Wouldn't it be nice," he muses, "to stand there and have all that applause?"

Roderick McQueen

Indigestion down the line

Just when the way seemed clear, the much-delayed Alaska Highway natural gas pipeline is in trouble again. The massive $15-billion project, which would bring Alaskan gas across Canada to the United States, was making progress in attracting private financing and it seemed certain work would finally begin in 1980. But earlier this month the project was snagged by a

Foothills' Blair: not the best of friends



decision of Canada's National Energy Board (NEB) on the proposal to "prebuild" the southern portion of the pipeline, intended to export Canadian gas to the U.S. for a temporary period until the northern connection is made with the huge Alaskan gas field. The NEB approved the proposal but attached such stringent conditions that Foothills Pipe Lines Ltd., of Calgary, key member of the pipeline consortium, is now complaining that the plan will not fly commercially.

To most Canadians, however, those conditions are likely to appear quite reasonable. In its ruling the NEB insisted that Canadian exports from southern Alberta be phased out after 1984, when the northern connection is optimistically scheduled for completion. Such conditions are intended to apply pressure on the pipeline consortium—and the U.S. government—to finish the whole pipeline and not stick Canada with a costly southern portion pumping out Canadian gas.

But the pipeline consortium wants the conditions dropped or, at least, relaxed. Led by Foothills' Bob Blair, the consortium is already lobbying with the Canadian government. Economic Development Minister Robert de Cotret has responded so far by backing the NEB decision but simultaneously allowing that the government is prepared to undertake "discussions" on the matter. Last week, as counter-pressure to the NEB, a U.S. team led by Les Goldman, assistant secretary of energy, journeyed to Ottawa to begin these discussions, meeting with a Canadian contingent led by Mitchell Sharp, commissioner of the Northern Pipeline Agency. "We examined the problems," said Sharp afterward. "We didn't reach any final conclusions. We set some objectives for each side to pursue."

One possible solution to the impasse: Progas Ltd. of Calgary, which has received approval from the NEB for the export of a substantial amount of natural gas in a project unconnected with the Alaska pipeline, could join the Foothills prebuild project. The resulting combination might be enough to attract investors with no change in the NEB's basic conditions. But here's the rub: Progas is headed up by Vern Horte, closely linked with an earlier bid by Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline Ltd. of Toronto to build the pipeline to the Alaskan gas field. Foothills' Blair once belonged to Horte's consortium but broke away to form his own group, which subsequently won the approval of the Canadian and U.S. governments over the heavily favored Arctic Gas. Horte and Blair, to understate the case, are not the best of friends.

Ian Urquhart

The beer that made Milwaukee nervous

Zoom into a crisp, clear wintry scene. Young, aggressive skiers in trendy outfits carve endless zigzag snow patterns against a rugged backdrop of the Canadian Rockies. They know how to ski. They know how to relax. The music drops down beat as the rosy glow on their laughing faces gently blurs into the sleek green image of a bottle of Canadian imported beer. "Think of Canada. Think of Labatt's."

It's the latest round in the Canadian brewery war and it's happening, not here but in the United States, where the distinctive green bottles stamped IMPORTED FROM CANADA, now available in almost every state, tell the tale of stepped-up marketing aggression on the part of Canada's major beer producers. Canadian breweries expect to end this year with U.S. beer shipments of nearly 100 million gallons—or about one per cent of total U.S. beer consumption, making premium-priced Canadian ales and lagers an increasing force to be reckoned with in the burgeoning U.S. import market. It's a far cry from a mere two years ago when Carling O'Keefe Limited sold off its ailing U.S. subsidiary. Carling National Breweries Inc., after several years of losses in the U.S. domestic beer market. Now Canadian Breweries has rejoined the fray this month with a $750,000 advertising campaign to inform Americans of O'Keefe Ale and Old Vienna.

In spite of the galloping growth of import beers in the U.S.—estimated to have swelled by 20 per cent this year compared to a sluggish growth of about three per cent for domestic beers in the U.S. and a drop-off in Canada — Carling O'Keefe will have to work hard to catch up with major competitors. Labatt's Breweries and Molson Breweries, both already as far ahead in the U.S. market as they are in Canada. Thanks to an early head start, Molson is selling as much beer in the U.S. as the other Canadian companies put together. But Labatt's is coming up fast. With a slender lead over Molson's in Canadian domestic beer sales, Labatt's clearly views the U.S. market as a major growth area, with a $3-million U.S. ad campaign of its own started earlier this season to back up its plans.

There's even the irony that U.S. consumers may have a taste for products that many Canadians overlook altogether. Little Moosehead Breweries Ltd. of Saint John, New Brunswick, one of Canada's few remaining independents, entered the U.S. market more than a year ago with its distinctive Moosehead lager and is now the 10th-largest U.S. import beer. In Canada, you can't even find Moosehead west of the Maritimes. Yet in Texas and Oregon they can't get enough of it.

Gary Dolson

1979
The year that was

By Roy MacGregor

It's better to burn out than to fade away . . /And once you're gone you can never come back.

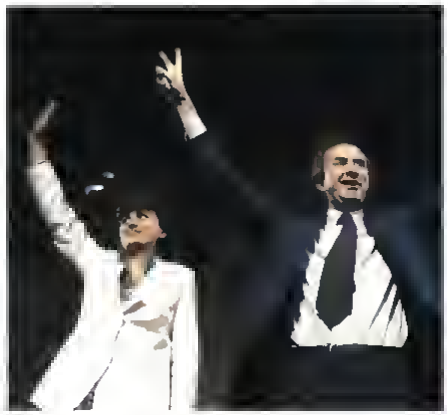
—Neil Young, 1979



The year certainly began harmlessly enough. Broom Hilda was into the thick of belly dancing, the Montreal Canadiens were on top of the league, the Bank of Canada had just moved the prime lending rate to the highest point in history—11.25 per cent—and a young man who looked like the eternal blind date was saying that "Canadians are fatigued of charismatic leadership." By the time 1979 had ended, Joe Clark's prediction had come true—he had become the youngest prime minister in Canada's history and was threatening to become the youngest former prime minister. By year's end the man he had beaten, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, was threatening to prove that politics and the tire industry have more than forced air in common: as retreads are often found to be unreliable and disturbingly thin on substance. Even so, Trudeau did return from the dead to fall into yet another election coma.

Those anxious for a truly exciting election had to turn to the south, where poor Jimmy Carter had no sooner dealt with his hemorrhoids than a new pain in the area arrived courtesy of Ted Kennedy. Determined to fight fire with fire, the president appropriately declared: "I'll whup his ass." It was a year in which gold fluctuated from $219 to $481 an ounce and gasoline from 89 cents to $1.25 a gallon. Predictably, a whimsical store in Beverly Hills put out a 24-karat gold-plated gas can for a mere $350—considerably more for fussy customers who demanded it be filled before delivery.

It was a year when the world ended up with several things it didn't need—the bra with the built-in nipples, The Raes on television—and lost a number of minor things ranging from a Swedish parent's right to slap his child to the Lone Ranger's mask. When it was all over, the world



ANOUF DE CALGHRY



KEYSTONE PRESS

What wasn't astonishingly boring about 1979 was actually astonishing. Clockwise from left: the Pope in Mexico; Joe and Maureen victory; Mountbatten burial; Vietnamese refugees; exiled shah; aroused Iranians



BLACK STAR



SYGMA



J. PAVLOVSKY/SYGMA AD

knew only one small thing for certain. generations from now, they will *not* be asking "Who was that man in the dark, wraparound sunglasses?"

On April Fool's Day Iran declared itself an Islamic republic and as Christmas approached, with 50 Americans still kept hostage in the American embassy in Tehran, all hope for a laugh had long since passed. Those who could not even pronounce Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini last Jan. 1 were, by year's close, incapable of getting through a day without crossing the angry stare of his dark and brooding eyes. For once the rise of religious feeling lived up to its dream of becoming universal: in Iran it forced out a self-serving dictator, and in New York it greeted a hugely popular Pope John Paul II with a school cheer—"Rack 'em up, stack 'em up, bust 'em in two, Holy Father, we're for you." Compared to Khomeini and the Pope, the other new international faces—Britain's Margaret Thatcher, China's Teng—paled in comparison. Canada's Joe Clark merely bleached in comparison.

But then, how dare they expect a man to lead when he can't yet walk? Canada may well suffer from a lack of dramatics (where else, after all, would the romantic lead go to a government-owned oil company as it did with Petrocan?) but it is hardly short on humor. This is, after all, the very country where the leader of the third-place party uses a press conference to call for a national lowering of hair-dryer voltages. And never forget Rideau Hall in Ottawa where, since January, a Governor-General now sports shiny chest medals where an oval, greasy patch with "Eddie" scripted in white thread might seem more in keeping.

Yes, this was Canada in 1979, where what wasn't astonishingly boring—like business mergers and sun eclipses—was actually astonishing. First *High Society* magazine told the country the prime minister's estranged wife had trouble dressing herself in the morning and then a chlorine leak proved to an aghast country that people actually *live* in Mississauga. Like Lee Marvin's live-in girlfriend, Mississauga had to be abandoned before anyone noticed. But then, no one was much impressed with what they saw in Michelle Triola Marvin, either.

Who, short of the *National Enquirer*, could have predicted what 1979 would bring? Just look around: diners are turning down $2 glasses of imported wine for $3 glasses of imported water; heterosexuals can now deal with their confusion by going to gay Anglican priests; Brian of Nazareth is being crucified on the pulpit; the red-necks are now long-hairs; the avant garde wear brush cuts; the Queen's personal art adviser admits he doesn't know much about nuclear physics, but he sure knows what *they* like; and one simple man, Joe Clark, sets United Van Lines' bill-collecting methods back decades by demonstrating that it is possible to move a Canadian embassy from one Israeli city to another and back again, and end up paying for it with only Ron Atkey's hide.

What, what does it all mean? In New York they stand and applaud *Sweeney Todd*, a broadway musical celebrating the business partnership between a throat-slitting barber and a baker who sells human meat pies. In Estavan, Saskatchewan, they shiver at the thought of a local man and woman surviving a plane crash by eating the thighs of the woman's dead father. It's enough to drive a person to light beer.

I'm not living in the real world!
I'm not living in the real world!
I'm not living in the real world!
No more, no more, no more!
—Blondie, 1979

'The horror! The horror!' Clockwise from lower left: Schreyer swearing-in; Teng visit to U.S.; Liona Boyd with Juno; Jupiter's moon photographed; the great flood



GRACE SYOMA



BOB ENDERSON NFB







NASA-JET PROPULSION LAB

"The horror! The horror!" Mr Kurtz said in Joseph Conrad's 1902 novel *Heart of Darkness*, and again in Francis Coppola's 1979 movie, *Apocalypse Now*. Even without the Bee Gees for bilious background music, it took a strong stomach to get through the year. Pol Pot was finally beaten out of Cambodia, but the human relics of his Khmer Rouge regime were left behind. The systematic destruction of a race—including the use, in this enlightened age, of snake pits—created the cruellest story of the decade. United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim sadly estimated in October that half or more of Cambodia's 8.5 million population has already died from war, disease and starvation—much of the starvation needlessly brought on by Pot's decision to burn his own people's fishing nets and hoes. It made the wretched boat people, with their malaria and crowded camps, their high seas and marauders, seem practically well-off by comparison. Throughout the year in India, one or more young brides a day were burned to death by her in-laws simply because her dowry didn't measure up to expectations. In Naples, babies in the slum sections began to cough, then vomit, then gasp for breath, then die, and when the cause of the mystery disease was uncovered—basically, poverty—it was deemed incurable. In suburban Chicago, John Gacy, a "good doggone Jaycee" who often entertained children as Pogo the Clown, was found to have 27 strangled, decomposing bodies of young boys buried in the crawl space and under the garage of his house. One could hardly imagine a revived *Garry Moore Show* ever celebrating "that wonderful, wonderful year—1979."

What, does it all mean? Clockwise from lower left: Trudeau's first goodbye; Amin dethroned; Skylab landing; Thatcher crowned; first pedal across the Channel; Carter's 'peace' for the Middle East



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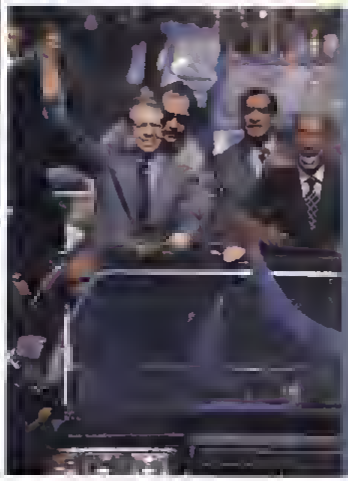


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ACHACHE GAMMA/LIAISON

The year was full of ill thoughts. Canadians cringed under acid rain; Australians cowered under Skylab; travellers checked their ticket stubs for mention of DC-10s; investors sweated over Chrysler; and house buyers were scared off by soaring mortgage interest rates. Even the weather acted up: snow and sleet grounded New Year's Day air traffic in Canada and storms continued through January, the final big blow claiming 100 lives and dumping 31 inches of snow on Chicago's O'Hare International, closing the world's busiest airport for 42 hours. Britain suffered through the worst winter in 15 years and didn't get to summer until October. Tornadoes and massive floods in the spring and then male hurricanes named David and Frederic formed bulldozer-blade parentheses around a squeezed, but exquisite summer. Weather no longer qualified as small talk.

And yet, the summer itself was spoiled with the growing realization that the energy situation was moving from crisis to permanent state. When OPEC raised the prices from $13 U.S. to $23 in June and then as much as $30 in December, it signalled that the worst is still to come. The previous belief that technology will rescue technology finally died its well-deserved death in March when a Hollywood movie *The China Syndrome* dramatically came true only two weeks after opening. The Three Mile Island nuclear power station near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, instantly became the symbol for what can go very, very wrong. By year's end, the most positive alternative energy image belonged to the good old wood stove—which assuredly deserves Comeback of the Year billing over any of Willie Stargell, Pierre Trudeau or even Herb Gray, the only wire brush in the world that needs prescription lenses *and* something interesting to say.

Valium enjoyed another great year in sales, thanks in part to fear of war between (take a choice) China and Vietnam, China and the U.S.S.R., the U.S.S.R., Cuba and the United States, the United States and Iran, and Billy

Martin and any marshmallow salesman, team owner, outfielder or baseball commissioner who happened to pass within range of his mouth. The year proved what the true paronoiac has always known: you can't trust anybody. And nobody found that out more dramatically than South Korean President Park Chung-Hee, who put his personal safety in the trigger-happy hands of his good friend and Korean CIA director, Kim Jae-Kyu. Unfortunately, Mr. Park is no longer able to comment.

It may seem crass to say that there are worse things than death in this imperfect world, but before voting it is necessary to consider the following. Richard Rohmer produced yet another rearranged dictionary, The Village People rode (motorcycles, whips, twisted fantasies and a simple beat) to the top of the hit parade, magazines tried to justify showing Lori Anderson's mountain-pass cleavage by writing thin copy about her brains, the movie *Alien* appeared; television kept *Little House on the Prairie* from the dustbowl it so richly deserves; and worse, *Charlie's Angels* got Shelley Hack and discovered, much to their everlasting joy, that the talents of the newest Angel could dance on the head of the same pin that was bearing up so well under Cheryl Ladd and Jaclyn Smith. This, too, was the year where they literally died to see The Who, where Sid Vicious became the opening verse of a future song, *Punk Heaven*, and the year when disco rollerskating arrived. With such a dismal expression of humanity's present it is no wonder sexual anorexia—orgasm fasting—emerged as the new disease of the year. Let's cut off the future at the pass.

To give up the effort would mean, as it were, to switch off hope for a better tomorrow.

—Queen Elisabeth II's Christmas Message, last Christmas

Matthew Arnold would hardly be blinded by 1979's "beacons of hope," but the English poet would not be in total darkness, either. For one thing, the charges against Montreal engineer Peter Treu under the Official Secrets Act were finally overthrown, albeit only after they had cost him five years of his life and a marriage. And there was the signing of a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel, Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin pledging, in the words of the prophet Isaiah, to "beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." Jimmy Carter was involved in the historic signing and also in another with Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna, formally agreeing to the SALT II arms limitations agreement. Unfortunately, Carter found it easier to lure a kiss out of the burly Brezhnev than from his hawkish Senate back home.

And the world is surely much the better for the following losses: Idi Amin, who killed some 200,000 Ugandans during his bizarre, eight-year rule; Nicaragua's General Anastasio Somoza, who managed to turn one-quarter of his own people into refugees; Emperor Bokassa I of the Central African Empire, who believed petty thieves should either be clubbed to death or else progressively amputated until they had nothing left to steal with; Cambodia's mad Pol Pot; and Francisco Macias Nguema Glyogo who, in a single decade, managed to kill tens of thousands of Equitorial Guinea's people, including almost the entire intellectual community. May their likes not pass this way again.

There were also small points that must not be missed. *Sixty Minutes* managed to chase *Laverne and Shirley* completely out of television's top 10; Jill Clayburgh finally became the actress she was intended to become; freedom of information legislation *was* introduced, even if lost; the James Bay hydroelectric project, so accustomed to being turned on, finally got to do it itself; and England's Sebastian Coe ran the mile in 3:49, magnificently celebrating the quarter century since Roger Bannister broke the four-minute mile.

The year also belongs to Bryan Allen, a 26-year-old California biologist who, using leg power alone, flew across 22 miles of the English Channel in two hours, 50 minutes. His *Gossamer Albatross* showed the world that hidden behind the nightmares there are still dreams, and that beyond 1979 there is 1980. And that, if nothing else, is something. ✪

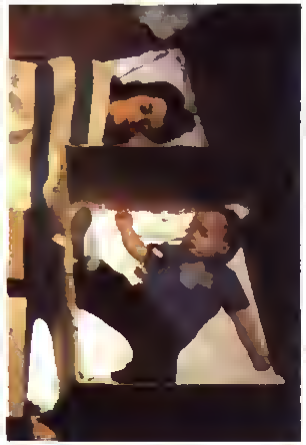


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SHERMAN HINES





BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S





KAREL SYSKA

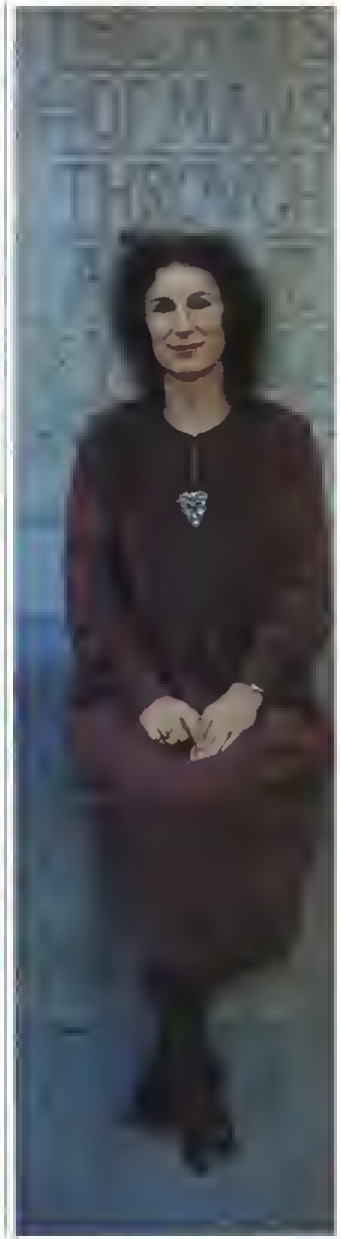
Cutting the future off at the pass. Clockwise from lower left: Queen Mum visit; Teddy's run; gas lineups; Mississauga refugees; Israeli camps in Sinai decamped; Castro at UN

By Roy MacGregor

Apart from **Dolly Parton**'s continuing double exposure, 1979 was not exactly a year for warm flesh. For whatever reasons, the central players were either long dead (**King Tutankhamun**), sticky (oil), boring (gold) or a disappointing no-show (International Year of the Child). Simply put: away from the calendar, 1979 was a hard measure. Out stepped a prime minister from the pages of Rousseau, in stepped a prime minister from the pages of *Archie*. **Jane Fonda**, Oscar-winning actress, worried about bombs; **Miss Piggy**, a snub-nosed bomb, worried about an Oscar. **Bob Dylan**, a recording artist, found Jesus; **Pope John Paul II**, who's supposed to point the way to God, discovered the recording industry. And he shortly discovered that the hit parade also works in mysterious ways—his album, *Sacrosong Festival*, was a bust in North America.

But still, *personalities* do soften the realities that people create. In 1979 it was easier to think of **Mother Teresa** accepting the salute and a $285,000 (Cdn.) Nobel Peace Prize than comforting a dying child half-eaten by rats in the slums of Calcutta. But that is simply human nature. More wonder will always be placed on how **Brooke Shields** manages to pass zit-less through puberty than how the recently deposed **Emperor Bokassa I** could slaughter 100 African children just because they weren't keen on their school uniforms. Nor should it be any great surprise that the inside of **Jimmy Carter**'s head is of less public interest than the inside of **Hamilton Jordan**'s nose. Unfortunately, Canadians may have to wait forever for Joe Clark's first official visit to Washington to see the White House reaction when he asks for his usual Coke before turning in.



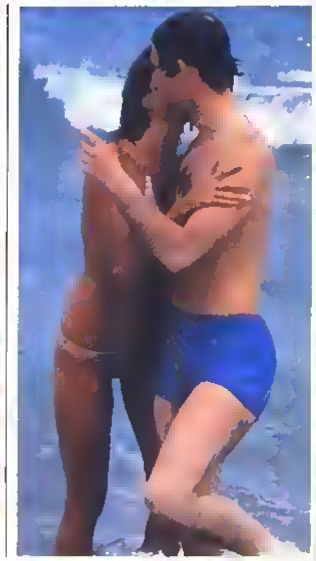






1979 proved the public does have a death wish—expiration by mind shrinkage; (clockwise right to left) Miss Piggy the snub-nosed bomb and Kermit; Robin Williams as Mork; Margaret Atwood; Dolly Parton busting; Prince Charles getting bussed; John Diefenbaker's last train trip





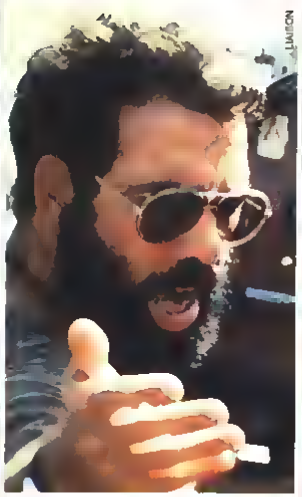
It may just be that there is no understanding a year like the one just past. **Charles Windsor** moves from royal pain to Prince Charming. The Rolling Stones' **Keith Richards** takes one hit too many in Toronto and ends up on a bummer in Oshawa. **Patty Hearst**, never one to follow her parents' lead, answered their separation by getting married. The year began with a sure bet for **Willie Mays** when he was trumpeted into the Baseball Hall of Fame and it ended with his being drummed out of baseball simply for taking a job with a hotel that allowed gambling. **Margaret Trudeau** showed that it was possible to become a loser and a winner at the same time—all by selling her story to those who kept saying they couldn't stand hearing anything more about her. Proof that the public does indeed have a death wish—expiration by mind shrinkage—was that Mork, a dreary and numbing television character played by **Robin Williams**, rose to the top of the ratings simply by holding one hand stiff and moving his ring finger away from his middle finger.

Fortunately, however, scratched records often have flip sides. Mork and television were balanced by two widely different movie directors giving that art significant new directions: **Francis Coppola** in *Apocalypse Now* and **Ira Wohl** in *Best Boy*. And beyond **Henry Kissinger**'s megalomaniacal, 1,476-page *White House Years*, there was other fiction, shorter and far more satisfying, from **Kurt Vonnagut** (*Jailbird*) and **Margaret Atwood** (*Life Before Man*). Speaking of books, just what *was* **Nelson Rockefeller** working on when he keeled over dead in January?

To be sure, the year 1979 ended with more people than it began, but there was still grieving for those who will not pass this way again. Some of it was short—Mafia don **Carmine Galante** gunned down in Brooklyn, French gangster **Jacques Mesrine** killed in Paris, reclusive heiress **Barbara Hutton**, the "poor little rich girl," dying of a heart attack—and some of it embarrassingly overdone: the instant elevation of **Thurman Munson**, catcher for the New York

RITTS—GAMMA/LIAISON
RICHARD PIERCE MACLEAN S
CHILDERS—SYGMA
CHRISTIAND GP
LEMOINE—GAMMA LIAISON





LAIFON



RICHARD PIERRE-MACLEAN'S

Some, not all, celebrated a return to the sexual valaes of the '50s; Francis Coppola gave film a new direction; Bo Derek just smiled; Keith Richards paid up; Jane Fonda went preaching with husband Tom Hayden



NORCIA / SYGMA

Yankees, to sainthood. At least three deaths were genuinely moving: **Earl Mountbatten of Burma**, assassinated in Ireland, **John Diefenbaker**, to return by train to his Prince Albert constituency for the final time, **John Wayne** showing that death, too, can imitate art. There were other losses, the writing of **Hugh Garner**, the bass fiddle of **Charlie Mingus**, the 5½-octave range of **Minnie Riperton**, the spirit of America's sweetheart, Canada's **Mary Pickford**, the films of France's **Jaan Renoir**, the heart of *The Wizard of Oz*'s Tin Man, **Jack Haley**, the joy of **Arthur Fiadler**, and the sad, melancholy smile of Weary Willie, **Emmett Kelly**.

Finally, this year, like most other years, ends as a collection of facts which fail to produce a meaning. If 1979 is remembered well it will be as the end of the '70s, a mystifying decade which began with **Garmaine Graar** publishing *The Female Eunuch* and ended with **Bo Derek** starring in a box-office hit *10* which celebrates a return to the sexual values of the '50s. No doubt the year, like the thought, deserves to have the covers pulled up and the lights turned out. Sleep tight, '79.

By Hal Quinn

Old myths, new dreams

It had been nurtured, smugly savored, exaggerated, threatened, tested and finally, in 1979, the myth of Canadian hockey supremacy was laid to rest. Throughout the year Canadians would be buoyed by the exploits of individuals and teams, but the shock of the Soviet Union's domination of the National Hockey League All-Stars in February would reverberate and linger as the seasons unfolded. The Soviets outscored the keepers of a treasured mythology 13-8 in three games, 6-0 in the final game, and held the Stars scoreless over the last 94 minutes and 54 seconds. It was the most telling single event of Canada's sporting year, casting a pall on the NHL's season and forcing the nation's sport to hold up a mirror to itself and to examine how the game is being played and misplayed from the ponds to the multimillion-dollar arenas.

After the fall, it was business as usual for the NHL as the Montreal Canadiens went on to win their 21st Stanley Cup and fourth in a row. Rumors that the league would swallow its North American rival, the World Hockey Association, briefly grabbed a now-dimmed spotlight from the kamikazes of the mountains who warmed the Canadian winter with a hell-bent style. The men's downhill ski team of Ken Read, Dave Irwin, David Murray and Steve Podborski meant, for the first time, there weren't only solitary stars such as Anne Heggtveit, Nancy Greene or Jim Hunter. Here was an entire team throwing scares into bystanders and world skiing powers. Three of them finished in the top 10 in World Cup points, between them they won two races, and before the year was over, the guys and girls in red were once again flying down European mountains. Another Canadian in red, Ferrari red, was flying too, but on straightaways. Gilles Villeneuve finished second in Grand Prix driving, winning three races, and was named Canada's male athlete of the year.

In the Year of the Child, three young women shone. Susan Nattrass won her fifth consecutive world trapshooting championship, Helen Vanderburg added world solo and duet synchronized swimming titles to the pair she had won the previous year, and tacked on a pair of Pan-Am and Pan-Pacific gold medals before retiring; and Debbie Brill recaptured the nation's heart as the only Canadian gold-medal winner at the World Cup meet in Montreal, setting a women's Commonwealth high-jump record at 1.96 metres.

As the boys of summer limbered, the NHL recaptured centre stage as the rumored merger with the World Hockey Association finally became fact. Three Canadian teams (Edmonton, Winnipeg and Quebec City) and one U.S. entry signed on. Meanwhile the Montreal Expos were taking their first genuine run at a major-league pennant and a tiny



TERRY HANCEY

Canada's myth of hockey supremacy died, but new stars were born, the Expos reborn: Boris Mikhailov (above) takes the Challenge Cup and Bill Lee ponders baseball pennants



TERRY HANCEY

(960 pounds) but tough four-year-old was on its way to winning seven major stakes races. Overskate became Canada's thoroughbred Horse of the Year. Sandra Post was having another excellent year (winning $178,750) on the Ladies Pro golf tour as was Cathy Sherk ($26,924) in her first year. Jim Nelford was attracting huge galleries as George Knudson's heir apparent while Lee Trevino won the Canadian Open. But the halcyon days of summer were shattered when 18 sailors drowned as 23 yachts were sunk or abandoned in the gales that struck during the Fastnet race in the Admiral's Cup.

And the Expos held the nation on the edge of their seats as their reach for the pennant fell short on the last day of the season. Their rivals in August and September, the Pittsburgh Pirates, went on to win the World Series. The Vancouver Whitecaps upset TV ratings by upsetting the New York Cosmos before going on to win the championship of the North American Soccer League. On the Caps' home field the B.C. Lions looked good, for a while, as Ottawa's Tony Gabriel was setting a pro football record by catching a pass in 106 consecutive games. But the Edmonton Eskimos ended up winning the West and the Grey Cup, defeating Montreal's Alouettes. The Acadia University Axemen won the Canadian College Bowl, Bobby Hull came out of retirement, Gordie Howe refused to quit and the expansion teams were doing fine. But the best news was that the Russians aren't coming to be challenged for their cup next year. They'll come, but only to play some exhibition matches, perhaps granting time for the resurrection of a myth.



MATTHEWS (EMMA LEE/GIN)

Best, worst and others of '79

films

By Lawrence O'Toole

It was a year in which movies reached astonishing new heights. Horror (*Alien, Halloween, The Amityville Horror, Dracula, Dawn of the Dead, Phantasm, Nosferatu, Prophecy, When a Stranger Calls*) was the hottest ticket going. The gang movies (*The Warriors, The Wanderers, Walk Proud, Boulevard Nights*) confirmed the fact that there's nothing as fast—or as fickle—as a fad. Relationships (*Manhattan, Head Over Heels, Rich Kids, Starting Over, Kramer vs. Kramer*) were the cause of the most stress in North American lives, next to cancer and alcoholism. Out of it all there emerged movies that people will talk about for as long as there are movies.

Best Picture: *Apocalypse Now*

Best Director: Francis Coppola, *Apocalypse Now*

Best Actor: Nick Nolte, *North Dallas Forty*

Best Actress: Impossible to choose between Hanna Schygulla in *The Marriage of Maria Braun* and Sally Field in *Norma Rae*.

Best Supporting Actor: Robert Duvall, *Apocalypse Now*.

Best Supporting Actress: Meryl Streep, *The Deer Hunter*.

Best Screenplay: Pia Fröhlich, Peter Märtheshеimer, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, *The Marriage of Maria Braun*.

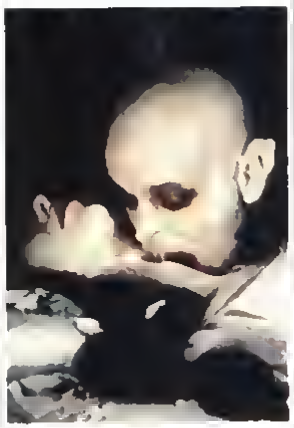
Best Photography: Vittorio Storaro, *Apocalypse Now*.

The 10 best films of the year (in alphabetical order, with the director's name in brackets) were:

Apocalypse Now (Francis Coppola) The current state of the art. Slaughters the senses.

Beat Boy (Ira Wohl) Documentary about Wohl's 32-year-old retarded cousin, Philly, and Philly's relationship with his parents. "Philly don't always know the words, but he knows the melody," explains his mother, Pearl. The melody is what this little gem is about.

Two of the best:* Apocalypse Now *slaughtered the senses;* Nosferatu *pined for love



Dawn of the Dead (George Romero) Swiftian satire of zombies loose in a shopping mall. The survivors holed up there raid this consumers' paradise at the risk of life and limb.

The Deer Hunter (Michael Cimino) The bottomless capacity human beings have for sorrow. The setting is Vietnam, but it could have happened anywhere and at any time.

The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser (Werner Herzog) The true story of a foundling who emerged from nowhere addresses itself to one staggering question: why do people behave as they do? There's even an answer. Stately and superb.

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (Bertrand Blier) Brilliantly written, original ode to the odd behavior of people in love and lust. Freewheeling and exhilarating.

The Marriage of Maria Braun (Rainer Werner Fassbinder) The governing myth of the 20th century: the success story. A touching tale of how we pursue happiness and miss what there is of it while we wait.

Nosferatu (Werner Herzog) Klaus Kinski is the vampire who watches centuries come and go and pines for human love. An incredibly sad tale of longing. Erotic and boldly hypnotic.

The Wanderers (Philip Kaufman) Volatile, episodic story of a Bronx gang, which captures the end of one era and the beginning of another. It's 1963, Kennedy is killed and Dylan is singing in a coffeehouse. The sound track helps the movie reach far into the gut.

Winter Kills (William Richert) This political assassination plot bristles with energy, nastiness and style. A great, big, shiny black joke, and the paranoia movie to beat them all.

(*Deer Hunter, Handkerchiefs* and *Kaspar Hauser* are older movies but didn't open in Canada until 1979.)

Also rans: In a worse year these might have made the list: *The China Syndrome, Fedora, La Cage aux Folles, Murder by Decree, The Rubber Gun, Star Trek* and *The Warriors*.

Where there's a best there's a worst, proof positive of this being *Quintet*, by Robert Altman, who directed 1978's best film, *A Wedding*. Other pretentious or vile or just plain monumentally boring movies were: *Meatballs, The Tree of Wooden Clogs, The Champ, More American Graffiti, Old Boyfriends, Hair, Players, A Nous Deux, Beyond Good and Evil* and *10*.

Worst Male Performance of the Year: Laurence Olivier, who can't seem to breathe these days without doing it in an accent, for *A Little Romance* and *Dracula*. Also for his Oscar acceptance speech where he quoted from *Othello*. *Othello* seemed much shorter.



A Canadian Church Choir Competition

To foster and encourage musical talent across Canada and to contribute to a greater mutual understanding amongst Canadians of all backgrounds, Maclean-Hunter Cable TV Limited announces their third annual CANADIAN CHURCH CHOIR COMPETITION.

Each competing Choir is required to submit a videotape of their performance for judging by an independent panel of expert adjudicators. Dr. David Ouchterlony, D.Litt S., will again act as the main consultant for this year's Competition. Dr. Ouchterlony is the Immediate Past Principal of the Royal Conservatory of Music and a Founder-Director of the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church Choir School in Toronto.

A total of $12,000.00 in prizes will be awarded to one Junior, three Senior and five Regional Honourable Mention categories. Previous entrants can win in a Most Improved Choir category. The Competition is open to all religious denominations.

With the support and cooperation of the Community Programming Departments of some 300 Cable TV companies across Canada, Canadians will have the opportunity to view their local Church Choirs in their homes.

Brochures containing full details and rules of the Competition are available directly from:

CANADIAN CHURCH CHOIR COMPETITION
c/o Maclean-Hunter Cable TV Limited
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Winners of the 1979 CANADIAN CHURCH CHOIR COMPETITION were: La Chorale des Jeunes de l'Assomption, Moncton, N.B. • Lutheran Collegiate Bible Institute, Outlook, Sask. • Kingsway Lambton United Church Youth Choir, Toronto, Ont. • St. Michael's Church Senior Choir, London, Ont. • Le Choeur Polyphonique de Montreal, Montreal, Que. • Chorale St. Jacques d'Arvida, Chicoutimi, Que. • The Cathedral Singers of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, Ont. • St. Andrew's United Church Senior Choir, London, Ont. • St. George's Cathedral Choir, Kingston, Ont. • Christ's Church Cathedral Choir, Kingston, Ont. • Elim Chapel Choir, Winnipeg, Man. • Colborne Street United Church Choir, London, Ont. • Gallery Choir of Church of St. Mary Magdelene, Toronto, Ont. • St. John's Chonsters Junior Choir, Vancouver, B.C. • Robertson Wesley United Church Choir, Edmonton, Alta. • St. Paul Street United Church Choir, St. Catharines, Ont. • St. Matthias Choir, Montreal, Que. • Memorial United Church Choir, Grand Falls, Nfld.

Worst Female Performance of the Year Ali MacGraw, *Players*

Best Performance by an Octogenarian (or possibly a nonagenarian) Actress Mae West *Sextette*

Least Personable Performance The Alien

The Most Curious Object of Camera Affection Barbra Streisand's bum in *The Main Event*, one of the year's more asinine endeavors

Pick the Bonas Out of This One An interviewer asking Guillermo Vilas in *Players*, "What is the magic which makes Wimbledon different?" Vilas replies "The magic of Wimbledon" *Players* had an IQ of 22

Best Example of Coitus Interruptus Janet Margolin in *The Last Embrace* making the earth move for a man while drowning him in a bathtub

The Give-tha-Girl-a-Break Award Michelle Phillips, who had her knees nailed to the floor by mobsters in *Bloodline* Her performance wasn't *that* bad

Hollywood North The Canadian film industry boomed We got *Meatballs, City on Fire, The Shape of Things to Come, Running*, etc. Everyone's so happy

music By David Livingstone

We had never seen the likes of much that took place in 1979 The sky fell, Vietnamese refugees and Mississauga evacuees went homeless in unprecedented ways and numbers, and Iran made former draft dodgers believe in war Likewise, in the world of pop music there was the sound of something snapping You could hear it in the best and worst

■ Ethel Merman got disco rhythm and lent sense to the title of Talking Heads' *Fear of Music* This album was one of the year's crowning achievements in that the band could proclaim, *This ain't no party*, and make it sound like good news.

■ Though it was Judy Collins who bared her buttocks for the camera, it was Debbie Harry who got saddled with the bombshell name But as credits for hair, clothes and makeup appeared on more and more albums, Blondie demonstrated what real style was about. *Eat to the Beat* also displayed wit, drama, intelligence and some of the year's best singing and drumming

■ No '60s survivor re-emerged with more vigor than Bob Dylan on *Slow Train Coming* as musically rich and provocative as any album in 1979 Sadly, though, Aretha Franklin seemed to forget she ever owned a soul The first cut on *La Diva*, a name she used to deserve, held all the promise of the Gates of Hell The rest of the album lived up to it

■ As if to answer those who wondered how you could ever dance to New Wave music, Lene Lovich included a polka on *Stateless*, an album unmatched for cheerful vocal stylings

■ Barbra Streisand dunked her head in a hot tub and came up all sensitive tendrils on the cover of *Wet*. The giggle that completed her version of *Splish Splash*, an insult to the memory of Bobby Darin, qualified as the year's most insincere laugh.

■ Nobody in 1979 sang with more conviction than Graham Parker In a year given to retro phenomena, he was one of a few who bothered with anything so old-fashioned as moral dilemma *You Can't Be Too Strong* on *Squeezing Out Sparks* ranks as one of the year's most passionate performances

■ Of many misguided intentions in 1979 (remember Joni Mitchell's shrine to Mingus), none compared with Stevie Wonder's *Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants*. The two discs, packaged in a jacket as big as a toboggan, set new standards for simple-mindedness and musical claptrap Next to this lecture on botany, *Lafleur!* an album on which Ti-Guy taught kids about hockey and their moms about body checking, seemed like valid instruction, even though the best lesson all year came from The B-52's, whose debut album told us how to *Dance This Mess Around.*

In the world of music there was the sound of something snapping: you could hear it in Deborah Harry's voice



ALAIN MASSON

television By Bill MacVicar

The highlights of the fall 1979 television season are — let's see now, what season was there? There were launch parties, glossy magazine inserts, bold slogans But programming itself oozed along like a slow channel of oatmeal, with no sense of occasion Of course, the concept of a season has never worked for television—it's hardly the opera season or hunting season The reality is that for most of us the television set goes on at age 2 and stays on till the last trump.

In the Nielsen boxes that serve them as hearts (not to mention heads) programmers know this and simply do not worry about what goes on They worry about *when* it goes on So it's far easier to stoke up the guttering fires under Archie Bunker (nine years now, and counting) than give something new half a chance. A product of the Mary Tyler Moore mills and easily the wittiest new show on the air, *The Last Resort* deserved a better chance Maybe *The Associates* did, too, and both may get it when they are revamped for the new, improved season *Out of the Blue* was sent directly to hell, Boss Angel and all Fair enough, yet *The Ropers* survive Given the vindictiveness with which the rating game is now played, it's unlikely that *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, that bench mark of classy, mass-audience production, would have survived long enough to outgrow miniskirts, let alone make producer and move into a swank new apartment.

Maybe it's the new conservatism Folks want to be comfortable with old friends and have no time for striking up new acquaintances. It's beyond dispute that enough viewers look to this unlikely medium for something like spiritual reassurance How else to account for the perdurability of the family shows, from the epic, costumed *A Gift to Last* to the narcoleptic blandness of *Eight Is Enough* Along with their noble-hillbilly cousins, these shows go on their sentimental ways as if Robert Altman had never made *A Wedding*. Speaking of sacraments, the religious talk shows are reaching viewers whose names are legion Observed with the proper distance, they offer the most compelling documentary on the air today They are, quite simply, a phenomenon, and NBC's sleeper hit, *Real People*, has been the first to cash in, albeit in a secular vein.

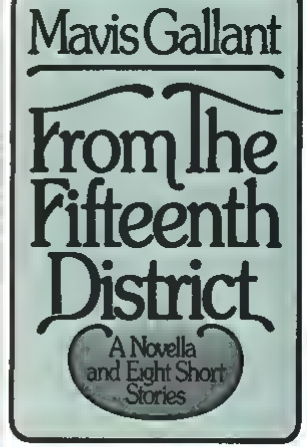
Documentary (*60 Minutes, Real People*) has grown ominously successful, evidence perhaps of the fact that sitcoms can no longer obliterate an ever colder reality Yes (the ritual *yes*) there are good shows on the air *Dieppe 1942, Crossbar* and *The Music of Man* are reasons enough not to begrudge the $22 we each contribute annually to the CBC. Viewers with access to the American PBS stations or TV Ontario picked up the most exciting telecast of the season, a *Live From the Met* production of the Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht opera *Mahagonny*, with our very own Teresa Stratas starring sultrily

But to beat the drum for such obviously high-minded shows is to fall into that tiresome rhetoric that confuses didacticism with quality. It's the same attitude that causes awards and mealy-mouthed praise to be lavished on the likes of *Lou Grant*, a drama with the slackest of mainsprings. What's being saluted is the principled, moderate liberalism that informs the show, leavened with a touch of nostalgia for Mary Richards' old boss, even now that he sports tennis whites, sips white wine and smiles like a jaded owl The simple truth is that what television does best—blithe, comfortable entertainment—it is doing abominably

books By Barbara Amiel

From an economic and ecological perspective, 1979 was a book year of unparalleled devastation Price tags of $10 to $20 for hardbound books were as common as the $5.95 price tags of less than a dozen years ago. The extraordinary long-windedness of many authors produced books that required the rape and pillage of at least one virgin forest to fill their 1,000-plus pages Still, when done well a book is the best bargain around. For $15 a reader can buy years of entertainment and the entrée to new worlds. The following roundup suggests a few of the books that made 1979 one of the best years in a long time.

Mavis Gallant proved the wisdom of buying Canadian; TV was oatmeal porridge and* The Associates *drowned





Nonfiction For years now writers have been perfecting the technique of combining the freedom and depth of fiction with the alluring immediacy and reality of the documentary By 1979 writers of nonfiction had achieved true-fact books that not only read like novels but ranged much beyond the traditional confines of mere facts. In this genre we have Norman Mailer's 1,056-page *The Executioner's Song*, which told the story of executed murderer Gary Gilmore, and Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*, a brilliant account of life among American astronauts which cast a merciless eye on American mores and manners. Henry Kissinger's *White House Years* revealed an elegance of style and wit not evidenced in the prose of his secretary-of-state years

Fiction Novelists achieved the same effect as nonfiction writers by mixing up real-life events and characters with the fictional. In 1979, a year in which all the best novelists seemed to have new books, William Styron's compelling *Sophie's Choice* combined an account of Auschwitz and its commandant, Höss, with the life of fictional heroine Sophie. Other novelists relied on a more-than-usually strong autobiographical component. The results were striking, from Philip Roth's short novel *The Ghost Writer* to Bernard Malamud's superb *Dubin's Lives*. John Updike satirized Third World politics in *The Coup* and Joseph Heller took Washington hype to the inevitable reductio ad absurdum in *Good as Gold* But for my money Canadians had the best-written books of the year Mavis Gallant's *From the Fifteenth District* was her usual superb writing—if short on plot—with fabulous glimpses of the rich, not-so-rich and wish-we-were set Margaret Atwood gave us *Life Before Man* and Gabrielle Roy delighted readers with touching moments in *Children of My Heart*.

Poetry Dennis Lee has suffered the fate of all serious writers with an occasional mad streak in them he is best known for his children's poems. Lee's forte has always been his adult poetry and with his latest volume, *The Gods*, he has matured into an exceptionally fine poet Also one of the year's best is Ceylonese-born Michael Ondaatje's latest book *There's a Trick With a Knife I'm Learning to Do* Canadians may not be thought of as a very poetic people, but from the point of view of quality it has always been poetry that has dominated the Canadian literary scene—1979 is no exception

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Wit and law expand to fill the void

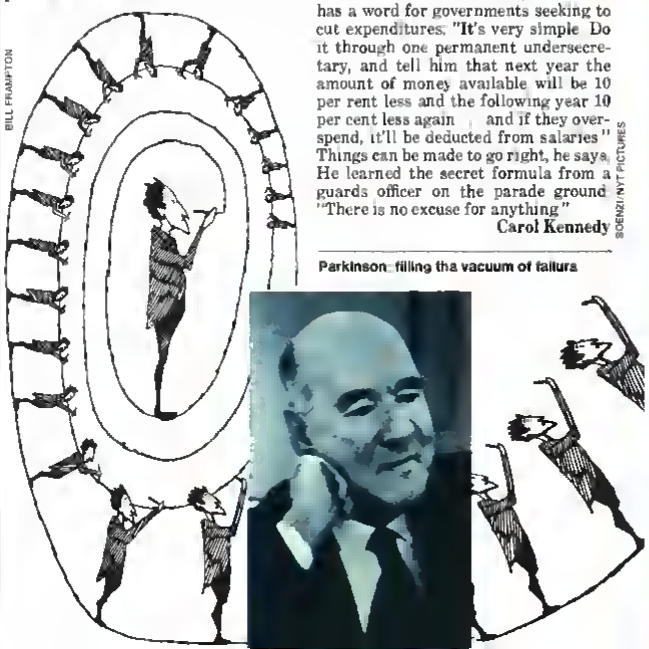
Eyebrows beetling benignly over a glass of Pimms No 1 in a London hotel bar, Professor Cyril Northcote Parkinson shook with quiet mirth as he recalled how, 22 years ago with the appearance of *Parkinson's Law*, he received a stream of letters—apprehensive or just plain curious—from businessmen asking how he came to know so much about their organizations. Parkinson, a Second World War staff officer and history professor, had, in fact, no direct business experience when he laid down his famous aphorism: "Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion." His observation, which has become part of the language and an all-too-manifest reality in business, government and civil services around the world, was based on his experience in the army where administrative units reproduced like amoebas.

He followed up his successful 1957 publication with three other volumes of barbed wisdom including such memorable truisms as "expenditure rises to meet income" (the second law), "the time spent on any item of an agenda will be in inverse proportion to the sum involved" (the law of triviality) and "a committee is organic rather than mechanical in nature; it is not a structure but a plant" (first principle of "comitology"). Now their sharp essence has been distilled into his new book called simply *The Law* (available in Canada this spring) and a new and comprehensive law: "Action expands to fill the void created by human failure." Ineptitude and decay—whether in a business or a country—create a vacuum, he says, into which stronger forces are inevitably drawn.

But his prime target remains the public service. The first book homed in mercilessly on the British Colonial Office as a supreme example of officialdom proliferating in inverse ratio to the amount of work to be done. In 1954, with the empire palpably dwindling, the Colonial Office employed 4½ times more people than in 1935. The new book cites the devastating contrast between the British Admiralty of 1914, when 4,366 officials could administer the largest navy in the world, and that of 1967, by which time "over 33,000 civil servants are barely sufficient to administer the navy we no longer possess."

Ever one to offer advice, Parkinson has a word for governments seeking to cut expenditures: "It's very simple. Do it through one permanent undersecretary, and tell him that next year the amount of money available will be 10 per rent less and the following year 10 per cent less again . . . and if they overspend, it'll be deducted from salaries." Things can be made to go right, he says. He learned the secret formula from a guards officer on the parade ground: "There is no excuse for anything."

Carol Kennedy



BILL FRAMPTON

BORENZ/NYT PICTURES

Parkinson: filling the vacuum of failure

Computing a healthier life

Health and Welfare Canada, publisher of a cheerful little booklet called *Chances of Dying Within the Next 10 Years*, is enjoying quiet success with another pioneering effort: its health-hazard appraisal (HHA) audit. In the past seven years 55,000 Canadians have filled out health appraisal forms and there is evidence that some, at least, with the help of a computer as GP, are living healthier lives. The forms pose 25 basic questions about the intimate rhythms of daily life: drinking, smoking and driving habits, diet, exercise patterns and health history. Results are fed into a computer which compares them with the leading causes of death in any age group and spews out personal, no-nonsense suggestions on how to change, perhaps extend, life.

Some 300 health professionals across the country—family physicians, public-health nurses and some company doctors—are finding HHA useful not only as a diagnostic tool, but for its shock value. "I happen to be a tall, skinny guy who is a little hyperactive, so when I talk about fitness to my patients they just think it is my personal hobby-horse," says Dr. Anthony Dunn, a physician from Brockville, Ontario, who uses HHA in his family practice and with executives at two local factories. When he presents his executives with raw statistics about their own mortality on a computer printout it is a language they understand.

Fans of those instant self-analysis tests in popular magazines will be disappointed by the discreet, even bland, tone of the form. However, question 23 has caused trouble. Under the heading, For Females Only, it asks what age the patient began having regular sexual intercourse, if ever. "There are some older women who are embarrassed by this question," says one Ottawa doctor. Opposition usually subsides once the doctor explains that the question is related to susceptibility to cancer of the cervix, and not idle prying.

Dunn: now scaring the life into patients



STEVE BEHAL

Leading causes of death*

MALE AGE 25	FEMALE AGE 25
1 Motor vehicle accidents	1 Motor vehicle accidents
2 Suicide	2 Suicide
3 Accidental drowning	3 Stroke
4 Heart attack	4 Breast cancer
5 Homicide	5 Homicide
6 Accidental poisoning	6 Accidental poisoning
7 Accidents caused by fires	7 Leukemia
8 Air transport accidents	8 Cancer of lymph glands
9 Accidental falls	9 Cirrhosis of liver
10 Cirrhosis of liver	10 Pneumonia
MALE AGE 45	**FEMALE AGE 45**
1 Heart attack	1 Breast cancer
2 Lung cancer	2 Heart attack
3 Cirrhosis of liver	3 Stroke
4 Motor vehicle accidents	4 Intestinal cancer
5 Suicide	5 Lung cancer
6 Stroke	6 Cirrhosis of liver
7 Intestinal cancer	7 Cancer of ovary
8 Stomach cancer	8 Suicide
9 Other heart diseases	9 Motor vehicle accidents
10 Brain cancer	10 Cancer of the cervix
MALE AGE 65	**FEMALE AGE 65**
1 Heart attack	1 Heart attack
2 Stroke	2 Stroke
3 Lung cancer	3 Intestinal cancer
4 Intestinal cancer	4 Breast cancer
5 Bronchitis and emphysema	5 Diabetes
6 Diseases of arteries, arterioles and capillaries	6 Other heart diseases
7 Cancer of prostate	7 Diseases of arteries, arterioles and capillaries
8 Other heart diseases	8 Lung cancer
9 Stomach cancer	9 Pneumonia
10 Pneumonia	10 Stomach cancer

*Source: Chances of Dying Within the Next 10 Years, *Health and Welfare, Canada*

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, headquartered in Ottawa, is one of the first large, private firms to regularly administer HHA to its staff. Dr. Ron Garson, the company's associate medical director and fitness buff, says one of the unexpected benefits of the test has been its ability to pick up and dramatize cases of executive drinking. "People are aware that smoking is dangerous but they aren't as aware of the dangers of low-level drinking. Seven to 24 drinks a week can bring an increase in cirrhosis. Three drinks a day is really borderline as far as possible long-term damage to your health goes."

A pilot project now under way among armed forces personnel has also picked up a curious pattern relating to drinking. According to Dr. Harvey Haakonson, of the directorate of preventive medicine for the national defence department, the average military man is in as good shape as his civilian counterpart, "unless he has just returned from Europe where there is a higher level of alcohol consumption." Heakonson, who hopes HHA will be routinely administered to service personnel within two years, sees a potential for heading off heart attacks, even saving lives. "If we can catch somebody when he is 38 and tell him 'Change this, this and this and your chances of living to 50 will double,' it is bound to have an effect."

While it is still not known if HHA is scaring the life into Canadians, surveys in the United States—where the program was originally developed—indicate that 18 months after the first testing, healthier lifestyles persist. Preliminary tests in this country haven't been as conclusive. One small study of Ottawa public servants showed that while HHA motivated them to drink less and exercise more, it had little lasting impact on smoking habits or seat-belt use. One Ottawa doctor says a person's attitude to seat-belt use is a key to his whole lifestyle. "If you find someone who refuses to wear a seat belt, chances are he is also fat, drinks too much, and smokes excessively."

Susan Riley



Redford: gaudy, but a nice guy nonetheless

Films

The good, sweet and the pretty—a simple love story

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN
Directed by Sydney Pollack

Robert Redford. God, but he's gaudy. His teeth seem forged from some Nordic myth, his hair spun by those sisters of Fate, The Three Norns, on a particularly desperate lonely night to amuse themselves. Even the several moles on the right side of his face are dramatically decorative. And he obviously tears into his Wheaties at sunrise. One's first response to Redford is *grossly unfair*; the second response takes into account that he's quite genial and not a bad actor: *unbearably unfair*. Put him in a satin cowboy shirt of a purplish hue—a shirt that *lights up* already—and you're not talking just turkey, you're talking unicorn or something. Put Jane Fonda in leather pants and hitch her heart to his in the stunning, wide-open spaces of Utah, have them change into denim, and it's practically pornographic. They're the Marlboro Couple.

The Electric Horseman is a lovely and simple story of a cowboy who steals a prize horse from a corporation displaying it at a convention in Vegas. A sharp journalist—Fonda, Miss Journalism herself—pursues him for his story as he treks across the great divide with the intention of letting the horse run wild and free. She discovers there is more than one stallion and, lucky girl, gets considerably more than she bargained for. Nice story. Now, if someone had bothered *writing* it, we might be talking about a movie. But these days in Hollywood by the time a story idea is kicked around, revised, turned inside and out and generally mutilated by many little eager fingers, the result is the script of *Horseman*. Get a safe director like Sydney Pollack on the project, two surefire box-office draws, have Owen Roizman provide endless breathtaking scenery and you have a movie as limp as this one. Perhaps all the movie audience wants these days is a simple love story—a romance—not a verbal rain dance. Just some fooling around, a few sweet nothings and all that denim.

As Sonny Steele, the rodeo champion who rightly thinks that hyping breakfast cereal has nothing to do with being a cowboy, Redford creates an engaging character. "You're just walking around to save funeral expenses," his ex-wife, Valerie Perrine, tells him, and there is that sense of don't-care-no-how, give-me-another-shot-of-that-juice in Redford's performance. But Fonda's too coiled and tight, she has a fuzzy grip on a fuzzy character. There's no tension in the chase, no witty banter between the two—just the great outdoors and denim. Proving even the Marlboro Couple needs help.

Lawrence O'Toole

No warped space/time, just a time warp

THE BLACK HOLE
Directed by Gary Nelson

They're all here—the all-American spaceship captain and his good robot, the brilliant but mad scientist and his bad robot, the jive-talking teenager, the working-class malcontent, the token woman—cryogenically preserved from the Saturday matinees of your youth. Only now they're wandering around inside *The Black Hole*, Walt Disney Productions' most ambitious and expensive attempt to win back the mass audience that deserted its frail, whimsical comedies for the special effects of *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Superman*.

Basically, *The Black Hole* is a remake of MGM's sci-fi epic of 1956, *Forbidden Planet* (which itself was a kind of remake of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*): a team of astronauts, roaming the farthest reaches of outer space, meets a renegade genius who has created a highly sophisticated environment but who is tormented and ultimately destroyed by a creature that is really an expression of his own deformed ego. The message of both films is: knowledge is fine, but it's more important to be nice. In *The Black Hole*, the evil Einstein is Dr. Reinhardt (Maximilian Schell), his spaceship is the Cygnus and the threatening force is that new scientific supernova, the black hole—a dead star whose incredibly strong gravitational field collapses matter out of existance . . . or into some unknown realm.

It's a piquant premise for a sci-fi movie, and someday a good one will be based on it. *The Black Hole* isn't it, partly because—for all its (pretty good) special effects—the movie is lots of talk and little action. Oh, there's an okay gunfight at the Cygnus corral and a scene in which our heroes escape a runaway meteor which may make you jump if you can forget that they should have been turned to cinders by the meteor's heat. There's a roadshow R2D2 named V I N CENT who helps lighten the oppressive mood, and a mysterioso climax which will force middle-aged men all over North America to answer the question, "Daddy, what happened?" But most of *The Black Hole* is talk—stilted, poorly delivered, Mickey Mouse dialogue—that sounds as if it was lifted equally from NASA manuals and fortune cookies (Anthony Perkins, as Dr. Durant: "How can one *not* be overwhelmed by the deadliest force in the universe?") Blame may be shared by the director, Gary Nelson, the four authors of the screenplay (strong in possibilities but weak in moment-to-moment solutions) and a cast of some of Hollywood's most notable bad actors, among whom Perkins and Ernest Borgnine deserve special citation.

What's worse is what's missing. It's what used to turn a movie house full of kids and their captive parents into one big happy family in the dark: the Disney sense of humor. A $20-million budget seems to have inhibited the filmmakers—with that much money at stake you don't kid around. Ah, but you do, you must. A sense of humor is the crucial aspect of a sense of humanity. Without it we would all go screaming into the black hole for there would be nothing of man worth saving. Except for V I N CENT and one or two of his robot pals, and Schell with his ham on wry, the new Disney film is peopled with automatons. No matter what its story means to tell us about the sterility of science and the tyranny of the computer, *The Black Hole* is executed with such impersonal craftsmanship that it ends up on the side of the machines.

Richard Corliss

The rhythm of failed fantasy

ALL THAT JAZZ
Directed by Bob Fosse

All That Jazz has, except for *Cabaret*, the most brilliantly executed dance sequences of the past 25 years. It also has Bob Fosse going to the bathroom of his mind and inviting the audience to watch. It's autobiography in the Fellini *8½* mode: an ambitious American art film. Joe Gideon (Roy Scheider playing Bob Fosse, goatee and all) is a super-successful Broadway director-choreographer and movie director who runs himself into the ground with work. He twirls his ex-wife (Leland Palmer playing Gwen Verdon) around his little finger and cheats on his girl-friend (Ann Reinking). Dexedrine keeps him dapper. Showbiz masochist that he is, he keeps re-editing a new movie called *The Stand Up* (read Bob Fosse's *Lenny*) and reworking a new show until he has a coronary. Fosse's idea of baring his soul turns out to be shots of open-heart surgery.

Fosse knows the world of show business like nobody else does, and he knows himself, but that's about all he knows. In *Cabaret* both Christopher Isherwood's original novel and the ambience of Berlin in the '30s gave him the distance from the material he needed to stoke his cynicism. With Joe Gideon in *All That Jazz* that same cynicism is uncomfortably close to self-abnegation. And unless you're Fellini, it's wise to be chary of filmed fantasies. Private fantasies aren't for mass consumption, and if most of us let the privacy of our fantasies run public we would all be walking around with paper bags over our heads—or in jail. What Fosse probably assumed was that those fantasies, which owe as much to Busby Berkeley as they do to Fellini, fit cosily into his idea of life—*his* life—as an ongoing production number. Which is where *All That Jazz* gets tangled up in the brambles of cliché: showbiz is a thankless endeavor and only fools would knock themselves out at it, ah, sweet mystery of life, we *are* all fools, performing is humiliating—remember Lenny Bruce, show people just want to be loved. There's plenty more where those came from. The level of self-stroking and flagellation in *All That Jazz* might have been bearable if a star had played Joe Gideon, Roy Scheider simply doesn't have that other cliché—star quality. One wonders why it was so necessary for Fosse to display himself publicly.



Scheider (centre) Benveresn dumb genius

If *All That Jazz* is pointless, it's also a bit brilliantly so. Nobody captures the tacky allure of the business the way Fosse does and no American filmmaker edits as dynamically and fluidly. A mass audition danced to George Benson's *On Broadway* says more about its subject in a few minutes than was said in two hours of *A Chorus Line*. The erotic showstopper, *Take Off With Us*, shows just what Fosse is capable of when he thinks with his body and not with his mind. Maybe Bob Fosse doesn't realize what a wizard he is when he fixes a spotlight on a performer's skin and visually bangs off blue notes. Maybe that's why *All That Jazz* is a dumb work of genius.

L. O'T

Column

A full-course meal of words for our celebrities to eat



By Allan Fotheringham

The quotes of 1979

"How old are the chickens?"—*Joe Clark, in a village in India*

"I should very much like to take a vacation"—*The shah of Iran.*

"There are some things they mightn't like at first and grow to love. There are other things they'll love at first and grow to like"—*Finance Minister John Crosbie before presenting his budget.*

"I've always been interested in foreign policy"—*Henry Kissinger.*

"If Kennedy runs in '80, I'll whip his ass"—*President Jimmy Carter*

"I always felt the White House would stand behind me"—*Senator Edward Kennedy.*

"Once people get to know me better they will like me."—*Joe Clark.*

"My judgment as of now is I'm the best"—*Pierre Trudeau, at a press conference after being defeated May 22*

"What's so funny about that?"—*Pierre Trudeau, as reporters burst into laughter*

"At last. A story I can understand"—*CTV's veteran Ottawa correspondent Craig Oliver, watching the Rideau Club burn down.*

"I like the charm, the boyish ways, and couldn't stop myself sneaking a look at his legs. Pierre was once given the award of being the man with the most beautiful legs in the world"—*Margaret Trudeau, in her autobiography,* Beyond Reason, *on her first date with Pierre Trudeau.*

"You're a nice person, but I've never dated anyone over 24"—*Barbi Benton to Hugh Hefner*

"That's okay, neither have I"—*Hugh Hefner to Barbi Benton.*

"If the cabbage is too expensive for you, buy something else"—*Finance Minister Jean Chrétien.*

"What I really need is a good wife"—*Prince Charles.*

"British Columbia is not for sale"—*Premier Bill Bennett to Canadian Pacific Chairman Ian Sinclair.*

"We specialize in doing dirty tricks and we don't mind"—*Jack Kelly, researcher for the B.C. Social Credit caucus, discussing a seminar for the presidents of Social Credit riding associations.*

"We certainly intend to do that. Miss MacDonald will be indicating to officials in external affairs that we will be expecting from them recommendations fairly directly as to how it can be accomplished, what other policies will be followed, will be necessary to make that goal realizable. I say that simply to indicate that the position she and other ministers will be taking in relation to matters that have been part of party policy in the election campaign will be to indicate that those questions are now beyond discussion as to their appropriateness and that what we will be seeking from the public service will be indications as to how we can accomplish what we have undertaken to do. I can't give you a time at this stage"—*Joe Clark, asked at a press conference, the day after he was sworn in, when he planned to move the embassy to Jerusalem.*

"Liberals are in the process of rethinking the party's policies and of rebuilding its organization, to be ready to return to office. In my view, one element of that renewal should be a change in the leadership"—*Pierre Trudeau.*



ROY PETERSON

"What is the totality of his land?"—*Joe Clark, to an interpreter on a farm in India.*

"I have got to admit that things haven't gone quite the way I wanted"—*Former prime minister Ian Smith of Rhodesia.*

"Do you get the point? I've forgotten what the point is"—*Pierre Trudeau, addressing 1,000 Toronto Liberals*

"You are not anticipating a significant cereal production?"—*Joe Clark, to guide in an impoverished area of India.*

"One of the best things about mother was that she never disturbed me."—*Pierre Trudeau, quoted by Margaret Trudeau in* Beyond Reason

"Aren't you sweet to have thought of me, but I really have no comment to make on the subject"—*John Turner, on the telephone to a Montreal reporter who called regarding her article on the problem with being beautiful.*

"Joe Clark doesn't know his razzmatazz from a hole in the ground"—*Pierre Trudeau, on the campaign trail.*

"This is a well"—*Joe Clark, standing before a well in Jordan.*

"He thought the book was very funny and entertaining"—*Margaret Trudeau, about her husband.*

"I have not read it."—*Pierre Trudeau.*

"You have a lot of rocks here."—*Joe Clark in Jordan.*

"But I also know that the struggle for national unity will be an ongoing one, lasting well beyond the referendum. It will require long and sustained efforts to build the kind of Canada that most of us want. I feel it is time for a new leader to take up this work."—*Pierre Trudeau.*

"It's useful to have been somewhere"—*Joe Clark in Tokyo, asked why he was embarking on his tour*

"I came to the conclusion that I was not the man to rebuild the Liberal party and negotiate a new federalism during the next decade"—*Pierre Trudeau.*

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the FP News Service.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling
Average per cigarette, King Size: 4mg "tar" 0.4mg nicotine

The Alberta Vodka

Moscow Mule

(CIRCA 1980)

THE MOSCOW MULE
Into a brass mug over ice, pour 1½ oz. Alberta Vodka. Top with old fashioned Ginger Beer, garnish with sprig of mint.
Worth being stubborn about.



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